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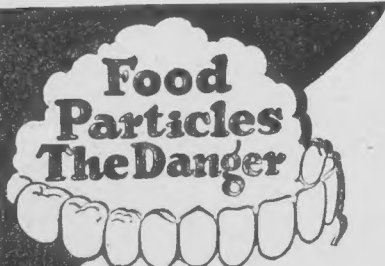
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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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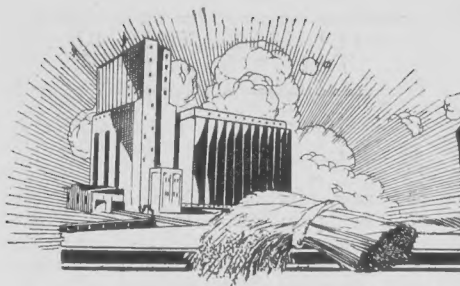
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EDITORIAL



The Fight is On

IT was once believed by the people of Canada that when they selected representatives to the House of Commons they could control legislation and indirectly control administration of public affairs. As the years went by they were disillusioned. It became more and more evident that the real rulers of Canada were not the representatives of the people but the "higher interests." The great corporations dictated to governments, and the ordinary members of the House of Commons became mere rubber stamps. The history of the last twenty-five years will give abundant evidence to prove this. In fact no one today for a moment doubts it. Recently however the government has not been able to control the members of the House. The new alignment has made it impossible for old methods to be used. Really for a short time it seemed as if Parliament were to assert itself. The "big interests" were no longer able to dictate.

Vain hope! How could anyone expect that a group of men who were accustomed to having all legislation framed to suit their particular interests, would submit quietly to such an absurd proposal as that parliamentary decisions should be arrived at by the free vote of the members of the House of Commons?

There is at Ottawa another body concerned with legislation. It consists chiefly of worn-out politicians who were trained in the old school. They have naturally an undying hatred for the new order of things. Above all are they opposed to public ownership of railways, and to anything that looks like reduction in tariff. In short they were so long under control of the big interests that they still nod at their beck, and will no doubt continue to do so till the grim reaper performs a laudable service.

Last week the House of Commons after mature deliberation decided to advance money to aid in building branch lines for the National Railway. According to custom the bill went to the Senate and after consideration by the Committee was reported. At this stage the fine work of the "big interests" showed itself. Under the guidance of a western Senator, the old party hacks rallied to defeat the Bill sent down by the Commons, and as the news items in the daily press had it, "line after line was butchered."

Now one can understand how some eastern Senators might vote as they did. They are completely ignorant of western conditions and western needs, and their natural bias is altogether in favor of "the invisible government at Montreal." But how can one excuse the action of the four western Senators who voted for the butchering of the Bill? There is no excuse. Blind partisanship and octogenarian prejudice are open only to condemnation. These men knew that branch lines in Western Canada are the key to development. They knew this and yet they voted to defeat the Bill. Why? Because somebody higher up commanded it. And these men are evidently such as are accustomed to being commanded. To them the mandate of the people is nothing, and they can do what they like without having to give an account of their stewardship. So they are bold in their brazen injustice, and apparently pride themselves on their cringing servility.

Do the people of Canada realize that the fight is on between the representatives of the people, and the representatives of an old order which believed in government by the privileged classes? It is no small thing that the people shall not be free to govern themselves, and we mistake the temper of the West if this thing is allowed to die without further action. The fight is on. The Senate has encumbered us long enough. It is time to cleanse the stable.

The Hudson's Bay Route

AS yet the Parliament of Canada has taken no action in this matter, but someone has actually proposed that as a way out, the completion of the line be left to the Western Provinces. Why should this route be looked upon as of special necessity to the West? If it is good for anything it is good for all Canada. It is as much a national undertaking as the deepening of the St. Lawrence, the building of the Welland Canal, the keeping open of the ports of Montreal and Vancouver. It may be that Western Canada will be first to benefit from the new route, but no one can dream of development in the prairies without development of the country as a whole. The opening of the new route has been stalled for a year because of Eastern fears and misunderstandings, but there is another year coming, and a year sometimes teaches many things.

Fifty Years

A DEMONSTRATION remarkable as it was unique! This is how observers characterized the parade in Winnipeg on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary. Those who have lived in the city since it received its charter have scarcely observed its growth, for growth is rarely discernible. Yet when the past was recalled by actual presentation of the old-fashioned materials, when particularly the living conditions of 1874 were suggested and when the population as represented by a few thousand people was compared with the quarter million of today the phenomenal development of a few short years was apparent to everybody. Few cities in the world have been able to make a better record in so short a period, and this record is typical of progress in Western Canada. Sometimes we get discouraged because things are not going as they were just previous to the war, but any one who compares the village of fifty years ago with the great city of today can be nothing but optimistic.

The development has been phenomenal, and indications point to further rapid growth. One of the great obstacles to advancement, namely the cost of transportation, has been partly overcome; the second, namely the duty on farm necessities, has been slightly reduced; and now that middlemen have been eliminated to some degree in the handling of farm products there is hope that the agriculturist may come into his own. So there is hope for a bright tomorrow for the West and for Winnipeg, the Gateway City.

A Political Parable

THERE is an old parable that has come down to us from a Swiss writer. It explains why some men are so ready to desert the people and throw in their lot with the privileged few.

"The small fish sent a deputation to wait upon the pike, to protest against his cruel practice of devouring so many of them. After taking their protest into consideration he announced that he was ready to make a compromise. He would permit each year one of the smaller fish to become a pike. This compromise was gladly accepted for every one of the smaller fish hoped to become that pike."

Does this remind you of Ottawa or of Calgary?

Returning Home

ONE of the most cheering bits of news that has appeared of late is that the tide of immigration which during the last two years was towards the United States is now returning upon itself. This signifies that there is an industrial depression to the South, a return of hope in our own land, and probably a feeling in the minds of those who are returning that after all Canada is a good country in which to live and bring up a family.

The Sculptor

A Sculptor old with chisel wrought
The while I stood, with curious gaze,
Fixed on the stone and wondering sought
To fathom the intent he would
emblaze.

"Stay thy hand and answer,
Is it brute or angel,
Warrior or dancer?"

The Sculptor paused not at the stone
Until from out the block there shone
The foot of nymph, that seemed to rest
Or seemed to rise, of life possessed

"In the fields Elysian,
Or in Isles Aegean,
Hast thou seen this vision?"

But still the Sculptor halted not his stroke,
From waist and bust of marble broke
A streak of tawny red, between
A patch of black and vivid green.

"Is the tigress come
Whence the hot Nile slips
Past fierce Khartoum?"

The Sculptor Time, with tender touch,
Still wrought, and I did marvel much
To see the chisel stains erase,
While pure, serene, appeared the face.

"Divine and human,"
The Sculptor said,
"Is soul of woman."

—John Gray

The Point of Emphasis for Today

NINETEEN hundred years ago Jesus of Nazareth walked and talked with men, and explained to them the principles upon which the new kingdom should be founded. He gathered around Him a band of followers and told them that the only salvation for the world was that they should preach and practice what He had illustrated in His life. All that He promised was true, but it hinged upon the constancy and loyalty of his followers. Just in so far as they have been true to His teaching and His spirit, they have been a transforming influence in the world. Just in so far as they have put form in place of reality, theory in place of practice they have failed. The Divine programme was so much broader in its outlook than the teaching of mere men, that the wisest and best were able to grasp only a fraction of it. More than that, it was so universal in its sweep that it was suitable to the needs of all people in all ages. And each man and each age had to make a selection suited to particular needs. Thus it was that Luther was heard in his time when he preached "Justification by faith." It was the truth that was needed in the days when men were taught. Salvation was by purchase. So too in the time of Wesley when ignorance, hate, intemperance and lust reigned, the message of "love and forgiveness" was that which the people heard most gladly. And today if any thought is particularly appropriate to world conditions here and elsewhere, surely it is summed up in that one saying "I have come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

This message is not to be proclaimed primarily by great evangelists like Luther and Wesley, but it is to be lived by all those who profess to follow the Master. This is the gospel for the twentieth century—rather it is the part of the Christian message and the method which meets the need of people today.

The man in 1924 who lives the beatitudes is the true preacher, the mother who sacrifices for her children is the true evangelist, the master of a factory who loves his workmen as himself and who considers their health, their living and working conditions as he considers his own, is the true Christian. So the old time preacher, who supposedly belonged to a superior order, has had his day. The door has taken the place of the talker. This explains why the Christian ideals are more dynamic than ever, though churches are often empty and printed sermons are unread. The world changes from age to age, and it is a wise church which suits its message and its method to the times.

Just now we need evangelists in politics, in business, in social and domestic life—those who are prepared to find their lives by losing them in the other fellow. This is truly the central teaching of Jesus, as was the view put to the front by Paul and Luther and Wesley, and it is not irreverent to make such a remark. The poorest tribute to the teaching of Jesus is to assert that he was concerned primarily with uttering dogmas. He came to preach the higher better life and to live it. He wanted deeds of love, not a dress parade. It is a lovely thought that every man may be a preacher, prophet and priest.

Not Very Creditable

THE Democratic Convention in New York was not one of which any party should feel proud. Still the Convention was as good as the platform. We are pretty badly party-ridden in Canada, but evidently the Americans have outdone us. It is open to any nation to take what attitude it pleases on international problems, but it should never have its heart dictate one policy and political expediency another. When Lincoln was told that the adoption of a certain policy would mean political defeat, his answer was worthy of the man. He could bear defeat but he could not swallow his convictions. Have the American parties forgotten Lincoln, or are they lacking in moral stamina?

A Bold Design Frustrated

THE wise men of the East could not interfere with the Crow's Nest Pass Agreement, and so the reduced rates have come into effect. All of which goes to show that when the people of the West have a just cause and are united, they are strong enough to win recognition even against two of the strongest corporations in Canada, and in a parliament not at all friendly to the West. The great thing is not the fact that rates are once more reduced, but that the people of Western Canada have asserted themselves. So may it continue.

By Arthur Heming

SPIRIT LAKE

ILLUSTRATED BY
THE AUTHOR

A SERIAL

ALTHOUGH warned by Wab-ud-ow, the Conjuror, not to visit his hunting grounds at Spirit Lake because of a phantom wolf that he predicted was waiting there to destroy him, the intrepid Indian secretly determined to hunt there during the winter, believing that the Conjuror must have some personal reason for not wishing him to visit this excellent hunting grounds. So he and his family, consisting of ten persons, made their long canoe journey to Spirit Lake. Winter soon set in, and one day while Standing Wolf was out on the trail of the great gray wolf, who had visited the camp during his absence, he discovered the trail of a man. He wondered who could be hunting on his grounds, and as he followed the trail, it led him past baited traps and dead-falls. Resolving to find and kill the poacher, he followed the trail for two days, his wrath steadily increasing. While on the trail he found the Spirit Wolf caught in a trap, and killed it with his axe. As he continued on the trail, the print of snowshoes became clearer, until he knew he must be very near his quarry. Soon he smelt smoke, and, stealing silently along, he at last obtained a glimpse of the camp he sought, under the dense undergrowth on an old by-path. There by the fire he saw the figure of a dozing man. He advanced to the opening with raised gun. The sleeper awoke with a start, and Standing Wolf recognized Wab-ud-ow, the Conjuror.

"Not a move, dog, or I will shoot you," began the vengeful hunter. "So, with the tale of a Spirit Wolf, you tried to frighten me away from my hunting grounds, that you might rob me of my furs. No, dog, I will not shoot you, I will give you a chance for your life, because, they say, you saved my daughter. Draw your knife."

After a fierce struggle, Standing Wolf gained the upper hand, and his knife was at the Conjuror's throat, but remembering that the Conjuror was supposed to have saved the life of his daughter in a serious illness, he said:

"Now I can kill you, thieving dog, but I remember my daughter Mi-na-ce; I will let you live."

Chapter III

THE SNOW-WETIGO

IT was late in the afternoon when Mi-na-ce, or The Berries, arrived at the net. As she chopped away the ice, the wind kept drifting the snow into the cutting. For the fifth time she stooped down to scrape the hole clear, and at last the blade went through and the water rapidly began to rise.

She had laid the axe aside and was reaching for her ice-chisel, when she caught sight of a gray, cloudy form coming toward her. At first it seemed to run along the shore—the light hue of its ever-changing shape contrasting strongly against the gloomy silhouette of the sighing forest. Then the strange figure rushed away from the bank, and with a whirling movement advanced rapidly toward her. Mi-na-ce waited breathlessly. Ever nearer raced the shape, gaining speed and bulk with every bound. When within a canoe's length of her, it seemed suddenly to raise its head, and the frightened girl, thinking she saw the hollow eyes of Death, cried out,—

"Holy Mother, save me from the Wetigo!"

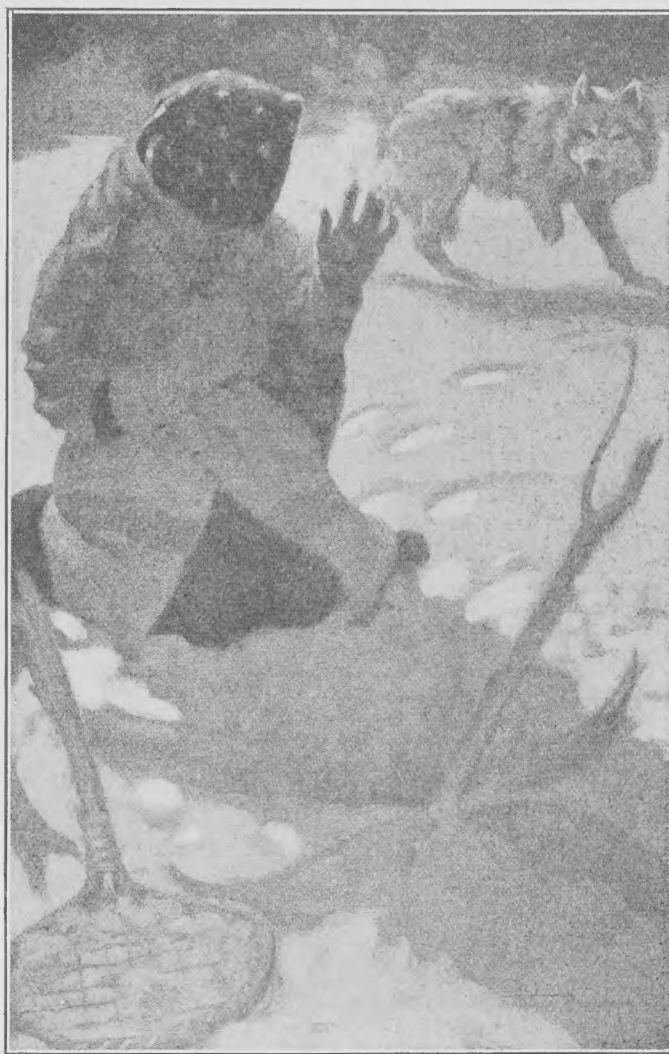
A blast of wind and snow struck her in the face, and she closed her eyes, gasping for breath. In a moment it was gone. Turning her head, she saw it scurrying along the lake like a whirlwind of drifting snow. As she gazed after it with awe, the Thing seemed to increase its speed, until at last it disappeared in the forest on the far side of the bay. The child—she was only twelve—still kneeling beside the fishing hole and trembling with apprehension, began to wail:—

"Oh, Holy Mother, some one is going to die! Some one is going to die! Oh, it must not be any of our people! Oh, Ke-che-mun-e-do (Master of Life), spare them all!"

Burying her face in her hands, she sobbed aloud. When she looked up again, she saw that the sun was sinking fast. Hurriedly she worked away with her chisel. As soon as the pole that held the net was free, she reached down, unfastened the net, and attached a long line with which to reset it. Going to the other end of the net,—marked by an upright stick,—she chopped another hole, cleared away the slush with her slush scoop, and hauled out the net as quickly as her icy fingers could free the gills of the fish from the meshes. It was cold—so cold that the hole at which she was working kept narrowing—and she had scarcely restrung the net in the water below the ice, before a glassy film closed the opening. Happening to glance around, she beheld, to her dismay, a great three-legged wolf watching her.

"Oh, my brother," she cried, "how you frightened me." Then, bethinking herself that she should have concealed her alarm, she went on,—

"You know, I thought it was At-tick."



"Oh, my brother," she cried, "how you frightened me!"

HASTILY she gathered her fish into a bag, threw it upon her back, and, for a moment stood wondering what she should do. As she hesitated, she saw two other wolves trot out from the woods and join their three-legged companion. Hoping to drive them away, she advanced, swishing her ice-chisel in the air, and addressing them in a gentle voice,—

"Good-day, my brave brothers; I do not want to hurt you, but if you block my way, my father, Standing Wolf, the great hunter, will surely kill you."

Instead of retiring, however, as the girl approached, the three-legged wolf advanced a few paces towards her, halted, and again moved forward. Mi-na-ce, alarmed, stood still. The three-legged wolf began leaping from side to side and sniffing the half-filled snow-shoe prints. With ears thrown back he glared defiantly, champing his teeth and growling. Then he began "making himself brave"—as the Indians call it—by rubbing his forequarters in the tracks the girl had made, as though to cover himself with the scent of his prey. Mi-na-ce, fearing the worst, turned to make her escape. The three-legged wolf sprang after her. As he came on, she struck desperately at him. Circling, he joined his companions in the distance and again bolted past her. Again and again he repeated the manoeuvre, and again and again she struck vainly at the brute as he went flying by. The viciousness of the whole pack seemed centred in the three-legged beast, who apparently aspired to the post of leader. Years ago he had lost a leg in a trap, but by ever increasing cunning he had hitherto defeated the craft of Standing Wolf. Encouraged by his boldness, the others began to snarl at the girl. Grown desperate, she broke into a run. The three-legged brute bounded after her. Poising her chisel in readiness and watching the wolf's charge from the corner of her eye, she wheeled suddenly, and, as the beast swerved past, hurled the chisel, javelin fashion, with all her strength. The blade pierced his side, and he rolled

upon the snow, howling with pain. Mi-na-ce quickened her pace. The two other wolves halted for a moment to watch their companion as he struggled to rise. The girl was making for a rock upon the opposite shore. With her back against that, she might for a time, at least, hold the wolves at bay. Before she had covered half the distance, they were close upon her heels. Remembering the fish, she snatched one from her bag and tossed it to them. They stopped to fight for it while she sped on. Again and again she threw them a fish to check their pursuit. As she neared the rock, she saw to her surprise a snowshoe track leading into the bush, and recalled that it was upon that very trail that the Snow-Wetigo had entered the forest. Breathlessly she followed the drifted tracks, floundering here and there where tangled undergrowth caught her shoes. Twice she fell. Often she glanced behind. At times she halted and listened. Once she caught sight of a slinking shadow following her, and, dropping another fish, hurried on. Exhaustion was cramping her stride, and despair was clutching at her heart. She sank upon a log and tried to slake her thirst with snow. Again a gray, fluffy mass flitted among the darker shadows of the forest. Should she stand and fight, or should she run? She struck her axe against a tree, realized her weakness and resumed her flight. Deeper, deeper, ever deeper she penetrated into the silent gloom. She could no longer see the marks in the snow. She followed the trail only by the feel of her foot. Night, creeping through the forest, seemed to mass the trees into one vast, circular prison wall. Her strength was gone. Slipping off her snowshoes, she climbed slowly into a jack-pine and crouched among its branches. The cold benumbed her, and she began to drowse. Suddenly, her senses became alert again. What was that? She listened. Surely it was the sound of breaking branches. What could it mean? Whence came that faint scratching sound? What was that red flare shooting up among the trees ahead? It was fire. With all her might Mi-na-ce sent a shrill call echoing through the bush.

"Quay, quay," came a hoarse reply, from the region of light.

Down the tree she slid without even a thought of answering, slipped on her shoes, and stumbled forward among the fantastic shadows that danced about the welcome glare.

There, under a brush wind-break, she discerned an Indian wrapped in a hare-skin robe, resting upon his elbow as he fed the flames. On realizing the presence of a protector, joy almost overwhelmed the child.

"Quay, quay!" repeated the man, as he shaded his eyes and watched the girl enter the glowing circle.

"Quay!" timidly responded Mi-na-ce.

A LONG silence ensued. She could not recognize the man, for his hood partly hid his face. Again he fed the fire, and she noticed that his hands were bandaged. A feeling of faintness came over her, and she looked away. The Indian lay back with a groan and demanded:—

"Are you alone?"

She was too frightened to reply, for she thought she knew the voice. Had she stumbled on the camp of her father's worst enemy? Was this the thief whom her father had once sworn to kill, and whose life he had compassionately spared? She trembled.

"Why don't you answer?" grumbled the man.

"Yes, I am alone," she said timidly. "Wolves drove me here." Then, without waiting for his reply, she went on:—

"Today I saw the Snow-Wetigo, and upon your trail it entered the woods."

"Mine!" cried the man, rising to a sitting posture. As he did so, his hood fell back and the firelight shone on his face. The girl shrank back. Yes, it was he, Wab-ud-ow, the conjurer and the thief. Her first thought was of flight, but, as she turned on her shoes, she remembered the wolves. The man stared up at the Northern Lights and remained silent. Mi-na-ce squatted upon some brush and looked about her. The camp was destitute—not a sign of anything to eat or even of wood to burn. The story of her father's fight with the conjurer came back to her, and she felt sure that the man's wounds had rendered him helpless. Perhaps he was even starving. Pity dwarfed her fears. She rose and strode off among the shadows. Soon her axe rang steadily against a dry tamarack. When she saw the upper brush trembling against the stars, she drove the blade deep into the notch and pried hard against the tree. Slowly and quietly it stooped at first, with just a little

creaking sound, followed quickly by the noise of cracking branches, then by a crashing roar which ended in a mighty boom as the tree fell full length amid a cloud of flying snow. In a few minutes Mi-na-ce had a roaring fire and wood enough to keep it going until the following day. While she melted snow and cooked fish for him, the man questioned her about the Wetigo of Spirit Lake. She laid the fish and the water within his reach, slipped her feet into her snowshoes, and said:—

"Lend me your gun, and I will bring help tomorrow."

"Take it," replied Wab-ud-ow; "I cannot hunt."

She put on the powder horn and the bullet pouch, took the gun, and departed. When she reached the lake, she found the Northern Lights flickering so brilliantly that they cast a stronger shadow than the full moon did; and now, dragging two shadows behind her, she hurried away. She had not travelled far before she was met by At-tick. Mi-na-ce's delay had caused anxiety at the camp, and At-tick had volunteered to trail her. Instead of hurrying home, however, the two lingered by the way. Mi-na-ce told At-tick about the wolves, about Wab-ud-ow, and about the awful Wetigo. At-tick caught the contagion of her fear and, espying in the moonlight a little whirlwind of drifting snow scurrying across the lake, trembled for a moment lest it should be the dreaded Snow-Wetigo.

The boy and girl walked abreast at every opportunity, and so close together that they tripped each other at times by the overlapping of their shoes. While two hands of unequal size lay hid in a single mit, the owners could think but little of the time of night or the roughness of the trail. At last they saw the sparks flying above the lodges; and, as the dogs began to bark, At-tick kissed Mi-na-ce.

STANDING WOLF had just returned from the round of his traps, and was changing his moccasins before the fire when Mi-na-ce came in. Supper was being prepared, and the children were romping over one another in the investigation of the sled load of furred and feathered creatures which their father had brought home. There were three martens, a lynx, a fisher, an otter, several mink, a score of hares, an owl, and some grouse—all frozen into grotesque shapes to the great delight of the children. They stood the lynx on its hind legs against the wall of the lodge, and laughed aloud as they saw it collapse into a sitting posture under the hot breath of the fire. They tossed the rabbits from hand to hand, until one of the lads with an air of importance seized a big knife and chopped off their legs. When tired at last of throwing the legless bodies at one another, they took the other frozen creatures and held them up one by one before the baby's face. The little tot, laced in her bed of moss, cooed with delight, while the others screamed with laughter.

When Standing Wolf had finished his supper and lit his pipe, Mi-na-ce told of her encounter with the wolves: how they ate her fish, and how they drove her to the camp of Wab-ud-ow. For some time Standing Wolf sat staring into the fire in silence, then he growled:—

"The dog! Why did I let him live? Even now he stays upon my lands when he knows I shall surely kill him."

"It is not his fault," pleaded Mi-na-ce; "he is helpless and starving. Anyway, he is going to die; for today I saw the Snow-Wetigo of Spirit Lake following his trail."

A dead silence followed. The mere mention of that awful Thing hushed the laughter of the children.

Next morning and for many mornings after, Standing Wolf sent At-tick with food to the conjurer; and, in her father's absence on the hunting trail, Mi-na-ce slipped away with the boy. Wab-ud-ow's wounds soon healed and he grew rapidly stronger. With returning strength came his old-time talkativeness, and beside his camp-fire At-tick and Mi-na-ce listened to many a strange tale. Every day Mi-na-ce grew in the conjurer's favor, and every day she and At-tick made love together. Every night At-tick beat his drum and sang his love-songs while he shivered in the wintry forest. Whenever he had made a good hunt, he flung some dainty morsel—a piece of fat, or a gut full of blood—above the doorway of the lodge where Mi-na-ce lived with her grandmother. And he always kept a pile of firewood within easy reach of the old woman. From the way in which the blood and fat and firewood disappeared, he speedily arrived at the conclusion that the old squaw favored his suit. One night he mustered up courage to call upon his sweetheart.

As there are no cosy corners in a wigwam, it is the Saukteaux custom for a maiden to converse with her suitor under the cover of a blanket which screens the young lovers from the gaze of the other occupants of the lodge. But old Noo-koom, or The Knowing One, was well able to judge from the general contour of the blanket just how the courtship was progressing. Early in the evening the blanket always hung in a dignified way, as though draped over two posts set a little apart. Later, however, the posts often lost their balance and swayed about in such a manner as to come dangerously near collision; and, if Noo-koom did not cough or poke the fire, the blanket would

sometimes show that one support had given way. One night, when Noo-koom woke up from a nap, she found that both the supports of the blanket were in immediate danger of collapsing. Seizing the hind-quarters of a frozen fox by the ankles, she leaped up and belabored the blanket so severely that it lost no time in recovering its proper form.

ONE morning At-tick, on his return from his daily visit to Wab-ud-ow, told Standing Wolf that the conjurer was now well and ready to depart; that his heart was glad; that before he left the district he would like to make some return for the help he had received, and that to show his good-will he would for the next two months hunt meat or fur for Standing Wolf.

"At-tick, my son," said Standing Wolf, gravely, "Wab-ud-ow is a good hunter, but he is also a thief and a bad man. But I will give him another chance. We are in need of meat; tell him to go to my Caribou Hills, and show me his good-will. And listen, my son; in a couple of days I am going on a moose hunt, for we need both the meat and the skins. Then, on our return, if all is well, I will take you and The Marten on a long trip to the Buffalo Hills and show you how to hunt buffaloes."

Two days later Standing Wolf set out with At-tick and The Marten on a moose hunt. When the first moose was killed, Standing Wolf took care that the head and horns should be properly disposed of, so that the spirit of the moose should not be offended by leaving their head exposed to carnivorous animals. Before returning to the camp, therefore, he chopped the horns free, hoisted them upon his own shoulders, and ordered At-tick and The Marten to haul the head home upon the sled. When a little more than half a day from the lodges, Standing Wolf came upon a cross-fox skin half buried in the snow, and knew that some one had been robbing his traps. Exasperated, he hurried home, intent upon trailing the thief and either driving him out of the country or killing him. On reaching camp, however, he found, to his alarm,



Under a brush wind-break she discerned an Indian wrapped in a hareskin robe.

the women and children wailing because Mi-na-ce was missing. During the absence of the two elder women, who had gone upon the trapping paths, leaving Mi-na-ce in charge of the children, Wab-ud-ow had made his appearance, packed up the choicest of Standing Wolf's furs, harnessed his best dog team, and carried off Mi-na-ce.

Wab-ud-ow had a little more than a day's start. After a hurried preparation, Standing Wolf and At-tick swung out upon his trail. At-tick, who had won his name The Caribou by his swiftness of foot, led the way as "track beater." The trail had completely vanished from the open places, a snow-storm having passed the night before. Nevertheless, At-tick

followed the invisible trail without slackening his pace. He judged by the feel of his foot the solidity of the snow under his shoe. It is in this way that in northern Canada they follow the obliterated winter trails. In this way the sled dogs, too, are able to keep the trail when sight and smell are both useless.

TO throw off pursuers, Wab-ud-ow, instead of taking the shortest road to Fort Determination, had turned up Lonely River. For hours the two men sped forward on a never-flagging dog trot. Their heavy breathing and the swish, swish of their snow-shoes were the only sounds they heard. At times the invisible trail left the frozen waterway, and, running through the woods, cut off long elbows of the river's winding course. In the dense forest, untroubled by the wind, the trail came to sight again and told the trackers news that made them hurry on. In the snow they read that the dogs had stepped upon the shoes of the weary captive and had tripped her. They read, too, that Wab-ud-ow had made the stolen girl break the trail in order to lessen her chances of escape. From a jumble of shoe prints and from a broken branch near by, they learned that the conjurer had run past the dogs, and had beaten her to make her set a faster pace. The trailers searched in vain for some woodcraft message from her. Evidently she had been watched too closely.

As soon as the hares had had their dusk-time frolic, night came quickly. Away up in the northern sky the spirits of departed hunters began their jocund dancing. All night long the trackers hastened on. From the snow among the trees they read that here Wab-ud-ow had stopped to "spell the dogs one smoke," and there he had made tea and bivouacked for the night. At-tick read these last signs with jealous rage, for there was only one brush mat upon the snow. On they sped, until the spirits in the sky had ceased their dancing and departed; until the dawn crept slowly through the silent forest; until the sun-dogs had vanished, and until the sun looked down upon a dog train, a girl, and a man who had halted to "spell" the dogs beside an open rapid on Lonely River.

Standing Wolf and At-tick immediately left the river and skirted through the woods, taking care that neither Wab-ud-ow nor the dogs should see, scent or hear them.

When Standing Wolf had gained a suitable spot within easy range, he uncovered his gun, cocked it, and, raising it to his shoulder, whispered:—

"At-tick, my son, leave Wab-ud-ow to me."

At the very moment when the gun sight was raising against the figure of the conjurer, Mi-na-ce screamed, jumped up from where she had been resting in the snow, and ran toward the distant bank. Wab-ud-ow sprang after her. At-tick, terrified by what he looked on, exclaimed, "The Wetigo, the Wetigo!"

Standing Wolf lowered his gun. He saw a whirlwind of flying snow race down the river, overtake Wab-ud-ow, enfold him in its dense spirals, and hover for a moment above the black waters of the open rapid.

When it had passed, only the whining dogs and the girl remained. Standing Wolf examined the snowshoe tracks of the missing conjurer. He discovered where his course had swerved when struck by the blinding whirlwind. The broken ice at the edge of the yawning rapid marked the ending of Wab-ud-ow's trail. "Mi-na-ce, my daughter," said Standing Wolf, "it is well. The Snow Wetigo has given the thieving dog to the spirit of Lonely River."

Chapter IV

THE BUFFALO SPIRIT

"THERE, my sons, are the Buffalo Hills," said Standing Wolf, addressing At-tick and The Marten.

"In the old days," he continued, "no hunter dared sleep in that region because of the Wetigoes—evil spirits roaming the hillside forest—and in my time many Wetigoes have been seen in these woods. Often hunters have gone forth never to return."

"Oo-koo-hoo, your grandfather, who was killed when I was but a boy, told me that once when he was hunting buffalo in these very hills, a great storm compelled him to spend the night in the Wetigo woods. When dusk came to warn him of the night's approach, he set to work to build a brush windbreak as a shelter from the blast. While scraping away the snow, he was startled by a whispering voice among

the swaying trees, and awe held him listening. Judging the voice to be the voice of a good spirit, he became fearless, and began to talk with it. It was the voice of the great Buffalo Spirit. It told him that if he wished to tarry overnight among the hills, he should pitch his camp beside its resting-place, and no harm should befall him.

"At once he began to search the woods, lest darkness should overtake him before he had found the abiding-place of the Buffalo Spirit. Just as night was creeping up the hillside, he found a great rock shaped

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The STRENGTH OF MEN

By Hopkins Moorhouse



WITH the wooing of Antoine Toupin, the poet, all was well until the coming of the big *voyageur*.

Midway of one long summer twilight he came, the man Bibault, the high curved prow of his great canoe dancing to the powerful swing of his paddle that dipped and gleamed, dipped and gleamed; for light was the canoe of Alec Bibault and his heart was light to match it. Had he not but now returned from grand success in the North? Had not the *commissionaire* himself at the Fort much commended him? Most certainly. Long time it had been that the home of his boyhood had counted him stranger; but was he not now returning for one grand surprise on the little orphan sister who lived with the old Mother Cloutier in the tiny *cabane*? Did he not have for her the nice silk dress from Montreal that had cost so many "beavers"? And the big pipe for Monsieur le Cure? And the girls of the village—*Ma fois!* but they would be glad to see so many bright ribbons and so fine a young man! Most certainly.

Scarce faster raced the waters of the *Riviere Rouge* than the blood in the veins of Alec Bibault. His eyes were bright with the vim of it and because of the floating dream-pictures, the same that had been with him on the long trails when his memory went a-conjuring in the red heart of the camp-fire. The evening breeze played in the dark curls of his hair and his teeth shone in smiles which the black moustache could not hide. The red *ceinture* at his waist was gay in its newness and long tassel. His striped blanket-coat lay flopped over a thwart before him and the

afterglow in the west was ruddy on the swelling muscles of his wide back and long strong arms that were swinging him so easily around a bend of the river.

The straggling village now stood abruptly revealed to him—a cluster of huts that scattered out into tiny dots against the vast reaches of the prairie horizon with a laggard sunbeam gilding the cross on the little wooden church, turning it to yellow gold. Bibault gazed with happy eyes—happiness that found expression in a sudden burst of carefree song as he dipped his paddle with new vigor:

"Some girls are dark; some girls are not—
Marie, Angelle, Lucille, Charlotte—
To love just one is a very funny thing
When the arm, he feels like the old hen's wing!
Rouli roulant, ma boule, roulant;
En roulant, ma bo-u-le."

Thus he came. But to Antoine Houpin, the poet, it was as nothing. He strolled the vagrant path that loafed among the slim poplars of the river-bank, his fine hands clasped behind his back, his head bent upon the ground. It was the way the beautiful thoughts grew most abundant, like flowers for the plucking. He had never heard of Alec Bibault, nor cared. For him existed only the dying colors in the sky, the soft descent of the summer night, deepening shadows, awakening stars and all the infinite mysteries of Nature. In his nostrils was the perfume of grasses; in his ears the faint whisper of the river-water, the distant *peent* of the night-hawk. For Antoine Toupin was truly a poet—though he earned his bread in the office of Monsieur Gratton, the *avocat*—and the village revered him for the beautiful thoughts that dwelt with him.

Yes. That very day had come to him poor Chaboyer, the Metis, maker of carts, he whose little Rosalie had been taken by the angels of *le bon Dieu*—had come, asking for the memoriam verses. Ah, so sweet, so sad. the memoriams of Antoine. Many there were in the village of the White Horse Plains who wept over them; many in lonely wind-blown cabins who treasured them and for whom the good Jesuits transcribed them in letters so neat, so black, on stiff card-paper with a ribbon for hanging on the wall. Revered indeed, this young Antoine of the kind ways and fine thoughts.

But to big Alec Bibault, the strong, the devil-may-care, the restless, just back from the far Northern trails, it was as nothing at all. He had never heard of Antoine Toupin, nor cared.

For him existed only the world of men, the rigors of the trails, the elasticity of muscles, the thrill of physical triumph. His nostrils welcomed the savor of cooking meats with the hunger-relish of the open: his ears were ever keen for the rollick of fiddles, the echo of laughter, the shuffle of feet. For Alec Bibault was a gay *voyageur* and everywhere the girls loved him for his strength and the boldness of his ways.

By virtue of these things his improvised song was boisterous as he paddled to the rhyme with great powerful strokes. His rich voice, attuned to the acoustics of the Open Spaces, obtruded the evening quiet with loud insistence. It drummed in the ears of Toupin till the beautiful thoughts fled like Fear beyond his reach and in a great impatience he parted the bushes, peering forth resentfully.

"Fool!" he muttered.

But the scowling face in the river-bushes was quite unseen by the gay-hearted singer; the exclamation quite stolen by the volume of the song and the purl of water against the canoe. Steadily on passed Bibault until he neared the first shanty of the outskirts, when the song fell abruptly away as one cuts with a knife.

The *voyageur's* paddle hung briefly in the air, dripping crimson in the dying flush of the summer sky. In the pause of his stare lived the tonk-a-tonk of a cow-bell, the protesting screech of wooden axles from an ox-cart on the plain, the voices of children playing in the village. Then, reaching quickly for his woolen coat, he drove the canoe to the land with one vigorous twist. A bush-girt path was there, climbing from the river to the knoll on which stood the shack, and on this path a barefoot young woman, carrying two buckets of new milk, had paused to rest and watch him.

Very striking girl, Louise Rochon—so *joli* and charming, so healthy and alive. Not in all the villages of the White Horse Plains were any to compare. She had been sought much by those who would woo and marry; from far they had been wont to come. But of all the young men none had seemed so good in her sight as Antoine Toupin, the warm-hearted, the poet. She wore his gift on her finger and now the young men came no longer to woo because of it. Already Antoine had the wood all hauled from the hills for the little house, while she—she was busy with her wedding things. Assuredly.

But naught of this knew Alec Bibault. He saw nothing of the gift on her finger. Maybe-so there was not light enough to see it; maybe he saw only tumbled tresses, dark like the night, and soft round cheeks like roses, trim waist, neat ankle—*Mon Dieu*, how nice!

"Don't you go for to be scared, ma'm'selle. It is only I, Alec Bibault, who comes back once more to the village. The buckets, they are oh so heavy. Is it not so, ma'm'selle? And I—I am very strong in the arm. See, it is nothing!"

Before the girl could recover from the surprise of his coming he had seized the two buckets and was striding up the path with them. She followed silently, her bright eyes fixed in amaze on his great shoulders.

"Voilà!" he laughed as he set the buckets down at the door of the house. "It gives me the grand pleasure, ma'm'selle. Maybe sometime soon I come again to be friend with you." He bowed profoundly. "Yes?"

But no word came from the girl's parted lips—lips red like the wild berry on the sunny slope. The big man looked at them, mischief and daring twinkling in his eyes. Before Louise Rochon had time to blink her long lashes as often as once, she was drawn into a pair of resistless arms and heartily kissed.

"Voilà, ma'm'selle!" cried Alec Bibault, laughing pleasantly. "Remember, I make you the adieu now—yes; but soon I come again to be friend with you. *Au revoir*, ma'm'selle," and off he went down the meadow path, shaking his dark curls and looking back with bold, laughing face.

The girl's cheeks were afire with anger.

"Fool!" she gasped, and hurried into the house, shutting the door with a bang. Yet through the white window-curtain she watched, breathless, until he had quite disappeared.

That was the way he came and went—on to the village—and Antoine Toupin, alone in the dusk with beautiful thoughts, knew nothing of it. Nor later when he called to see Louise did she tell him of it; nor her father, whose back was bent with age and the sewing of leather. To no one at all did she speak of it, but kept it tight hid in her heart. For she was much in amaze? Maybe so.

In the village was a great welcome for Bibault of the far Northern trails and the Company business. Many thrilling stories had he to tell of the time since his boyhood. Much money had he to spend at the tavern of Le Maistre where the rich brown ale was made by the little machine from the States—made by Le Maistre himself



He loomed in the doorway



"The small man it takes to make the biggest fool"

from the home-grown grain on the plains. It was good to be near when there was a giving of gifts, was it not? So thought the habitants of St. Cecile.

But not all of Monsieur Bibault's gifts. Ah, no! The big pipe for Monsieur le Cure, the ribbons for the little girls—these things, yes; but not the nice silk dress from Montreal for a surprise on the little orphan sister. She no longer lived in the tiny *cabane* but had gone quite away from the village, she and her husband, back to Quebec, and with them had gone the good Mother Cloutier for a home now that she was old.

Wedded? The little Emmaline? The gay smile fled in disappointment from the face of the restless Bibault. La-la, how these girls do grow! She must be big girl now, so long it was since he had gone away to seek his fortune. Presently he would go for a visit, far away to Quebec. What was a journey like that to such a *voyageur* as he! Pooh-pooh! But for awhile he would stay here among friends and enjoy himself. These girls—la-la, how they do marry! *N'est-ce pas?*

So he tarried while the summer days slipped by like the telling of a rosary. The sun lay bright on the land; the cloud shadows flecked away like ghosts across the wild grass of the plain and in time there came the day of sports in St. Cecile.

From a long way the young men arrived to pit their strength against each other. On the *Riviere Rouge* the sun danced like white fire, canoes raced swiftly, swimmers reached and splashed for the goal; on the land were mighty feats of wrestling, running, jumping, lifting and throwing of weights. Bright ribbons fluttered gayly from the ranks of the on-lookers and no less bright were the eyes that watched. Plaudits, cries of encouragement, laughter—the air was loud with these till old man Lepine, hugging his fiddle against the coming of night, grew so excited that in tossing his cap aloft he accidentally jerked it into the river and would have lost it forever but for Alec Bibault.

Holy! Nobody like him that day, Bibault. Running or leaping, paddling or swimming, wrestling or lifting were none to match him for strength and agility. Shy glances stole to him from young maidens; blushes were kindled by his laughing eyes. Rosiest of all were the blushes of Louise Rochon.

So, too, in the evening at the dancing. Sought by all was the pretty Louise, but most she favored this big Bibault. And as for him—he could not see the gift on her finger, because it was not there! Truly. Poor Antoine was first to notice that. He stood by the wall with eyes that burned as with fever, his thoughts no longer beautiful. All evening did he watch for chance to whisper so that none might overhear; but always she evaded him—yes, even at the end of the dancing, so that it was the big *voyageur* who conducted her home in the light of the moon and he, the village poet, who walked alone by the river—walked till the quiet stars had wheeled away overhead and there came the paleness of morning.

Then in the meadow he met her when she came at sunrise to the milking. It was as if she had expected him; for she brought with her the ring of their betrothal and gave it back to him, saying merely that the banns might not be published by Monsieur le Cure as had been purposed.

Nor would she vouchsafe any reason for it, nor heed the impassioned appeal of Antoine Toupin, till at last a great rage was born within him and mastered him so that his black eyes blazed in the white of his face and he caught her arm roughly with cruel fingers, so holding it.

"Listen to me, Louise Rochon!" he said fiercely. "You will never marry with that big fellow. *Non, non!* Antoine Toupin, who speaks to you now, says so. *Mais oui, ma'm'selle!* Two, three times maybe, you have said you will not marry with me, thy lover. Very well, I will make no mistake about that! *Ma'm'selle, the ring—Voilà!*" and he threw it far out over the river. A moment it glittered in the morning sun, then dropped to the water. "You will never marry with Alec Bibault," he repeated slowly. "Don't you make mistake about that!"

Flinging his hold from her arm, he walked quickly away while the girl gazed at the white marks of his fingers, a thing like fear in her eyes. But as she noted the figure, well-knit and clean-cut but so slight, there came to her a vision of great muscular arms, so hairy, that carried two big buckets of milk and made mirth of their weight—of a bold, laughing face beneath a shock of dark curls—

"Bah, Monsieur Toupin!" she called in jeering tones. "Take care, my friend, you don't get hurt yourself!"

In the office of Monsieur Gratton, the *avocat*, on the wall near the door, for a curiosity hung two old pistols. One time they had belonged to a grand *Seigneur* in Quebec and of them did old Monsieur

Gratton dearly love to talk to any who would listen. With much zest he would tell of the duellings whereby fine gentlemen were wont to mend offended honor with pistol and rapier—as one repairs a rent in a moccasin with sinews of deer, was it not?

He would take down the weapons and with long, bony forefinger trace the chasings of silver and the carvings so exquisite while he pictured chill dawns and wet dew on the grass at the place of meeting—spoke of seconds, a doctor, two men in frilled white shirts, faces very stern. And always in the end he would point to a dark stain on one pistol-butt, wagging his bald head at it.

"Blood!" his listeners would whisper in breathless interest and then would Monsieur Gratton smile his wrinkled sawtooth smile that hinted so of unnamed tragedy. Verily were these pistols from Old Quebec held in fine awe by the peaceful inhabitants of St. Cecile. And not even Antoine Toupin knew of the day Monsieur Gratton had inflicted the small cut on his finger.

Often from his corner by the window the gentle Antoine had listened to the gruesome recitals of the *avocat*, his sensitive blood chilling with the horrors that swam before his imagination; so vivid were they that his pen made quivering lines in the copying at which he worked and in the night watches came to him terrible dreams.

For, on the whole, very peaceful place, St. Cecile, in spite of the fights that sometimes took place at the tavern of Le Maistère. On gala days and at the coming of strangers were not the good wives of the village careful to hide from their men the knives and similar tempters of trouble? Only once had there been a killing, when Alphonse Lajoie had stabbed with a shoemaker's awl an Englishman who quarrelled; there had been a grand hanging by the neck

sat for long in front of his little *cabane*, making and smoking a great many cigarettes with gaze far off where the light was dying at the end of the day—shorter day now, for soon would come the season of wild-fowl flying in the sky.

Not much of a *cabane*, that of Bibault—just one small room with a place behind for the wood in winter and the keeping of meat; just bare hard earth for the floor with warm blankets for sleeping in the corner. Also there was a table of wood and one nice strong chair for sitting in front of the fireplace when it was cold. Farthest of all the houses on the south of the village was this little shack close by the *Riviere Rouge*, very small and alone on the plain with long grass in the sods of the roof. Not much of a place, certainly; but when the shadow of the wolf-willow lay long on the ground, when the wolf himself howled like Loneliness in the *coulee* and the fire purred at the great chimney—well, good enough for one—maybe.

Thus the thoughts of Alec Bibault one night in the month of yellowing leaves. He scarcely understood himself of late. Already it was the season of golden days and clear bright stars—full time he bestirred himself with face to the north. There came to him a vision of the winter packet fighting its way by the long trails to the factors at Fond du Lac on the Athabasca, at Fort Resolution and the posts in the Peace River country. The wild cry of the waves blew down to him on the cold winds out of the North like the reproach of an old friend; but he had no heed for the old voices, so constantly he dreamed of a little *cabane* of light-hearted children with lips like the wild berry on the sunny slope and soft round cheeks like roses.

And as on other nights, so tonight he watched from the door of his poor little house—watched the cold, palpitating fires of the Aurora come drifting into the sky, long streamers of green smoke, growing, fading, growing again in silent mystery as if aerie fingers groped for a flying thing unseen. And when the night got chill he lighted a fire on the hearth and fell to smoking thoughtfully, gaze fixed upon the wavering flames. For tonight he would make decision.

He had been most patient. He had waited many nights now and nothing had come of it. Bah! the fellow was a coward, a mooning weakling who knew nothing of the strength of men and deserved no place among them! Why had he not come—come like a man if he thought himself wronged? A girl might surely choose as pleased her fancy, even though wood had been hauled from the hills and her wedding things were ready! Why should he, Bibault, care? If the fellow had not been such a coward—

Very faint indeed, that sound at the door behind; but sharp as the listening meadow-mouse, his two ears. His eyes held steady their focus on the fire, twinkling with a new interest.

"Good evening, Monsieur Toupin," he called without turning. "It is a long time now since I wait for you to visit me. To myself I was just saying that

perhaps you did not want to be friend with me, when in you come to tell me that it is not so." He laughed good-naturedly, waving his cigarette in welcome; but there followed only a silence. After a little he twisted about in his chair.

Yes, it was Antoine Toupin, the poet, sure enough! But a poet whose black eyes gleamed cold like ice, who stood in the doorway as might a venturesome shadow discomfited by the ruddy light from the hearth—stood with arms huddling his coat across his chest, so that they heaved with his breathing, quickly, as heave the flanks of a panting gopher which boys have scared with sticks. Not much air there! Oh my, no!

"*Sacre!* my friend, what is the matter. You go for to look like one sick pig!" cried Bibault, his bushy black brows stretching high in the simulation of wonder.

Not a word uttered his visitor, but stepped quickly in across the threshold, unfolded his arms, abruptly laid upon the rough wooden table two pistols with chasings of silver that gleamed and carvings so exquisite.

"Choose!" said Antoine Toupin querulously.

"*Parbleu!*" chuckled Bibault. "You are a very funny boy, my friend."

"Choose!" repeated Antoine Toupin. "See, I do everything fair and honorable." His eyes glittered. "You will not choose, monsieur? So? It is I who should do that, perhaps. Very well. This pistol, then. It makes no difference. See, I stand here, you stand there. I count three and we both shoot or you count three and we both shoot; it makes no difference. Am I not an honorable man, Monsieur Bibault?"

"Ho-ho! You are a very damn funny man!" roared the big *voyageur*, slapping his leg, while his

Continued on page 50



It was the *voyageur* who conducted her home

ordered by Monsieur le Gouverneur at the Fort for that and all St. Cecile had been thrilled with shudder. Very sad! But young Toupin that time had not been able to make a memoriam, because it was not at all a matter for beautiful thoughts. Ah, no!

Even as then, so now, for the maker of poems was sick in his mind. He might walk in the quiet of the evening among the young cottonwoods by the river, fine hands clasped behind his back, head bent upon the ground; but beautiful fancies had quite ceased to grow like flowers for the plucking. Instead, his brain was inflamed with thoughts which sprang up, full grown in wickedness, like weeds with long cruel roots that thrust at his heart.

For very busy was the human tongue in St. Cecile, very round the wonder of the human eye because of Bibault, Toupin and Louise Rochon. One cannot lose one's promised bride to another man after hauling wood from the hills without stirring of talk; else why the eye for seeing and the flexibility of the tongue, Ah, yes! And it was so strange, so interesting! Did not Bibault walk with Toupin's girl? Did she not wear no more the gift of Antoine on her finger? Had not the Hudson's Bay Company man presented to her a fine silk dress from Montreal, costing many "beavers"? For sure, yes! Was not the poet very pale, very quiet, shunning all his friends and walking much alone in the hours of the waning moon? No good could come of that, whispered anxious ones in the village, and the whisper stole around to the ear of big Alec Bibault who but laughed in a great contentment and talked of living always in St. Cecile.

Quite a change in that restless Bibault. Truly! Fine friend he was of Monsieur le Cure. He went seldom now to the tavern of Le Maistre. Instead, he went to be friend with Mademoiselle Rochon or

Where Cloud and Mountain Meet

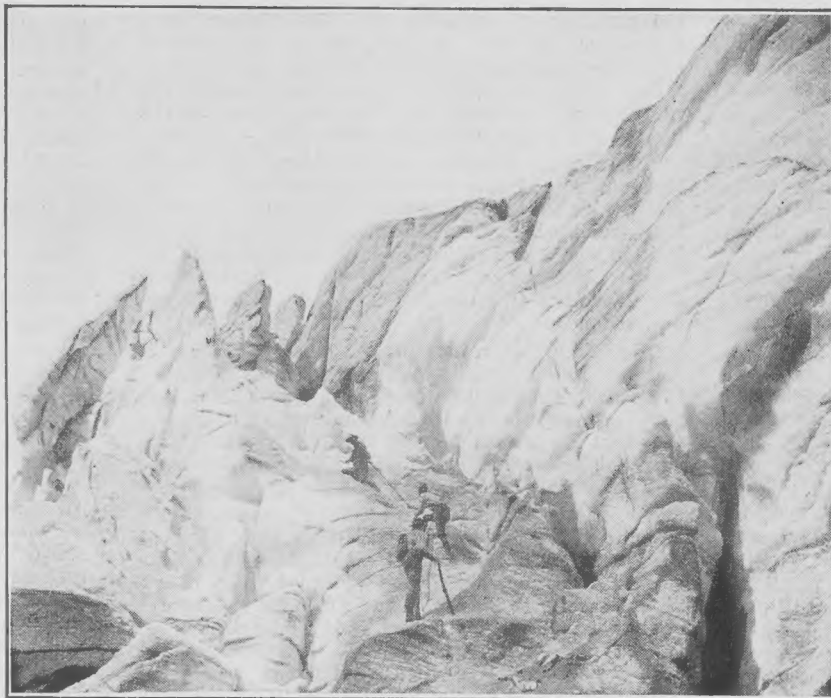
By A. N. L.

STRUGGLING against great odds in their attempt to reach new heights, some of which have never before been trodden by the foot of mankind, members of the Alpine Club of Canada are this month striving to bring new glories to themselves and their organization. Camped at the base of Mount Robson, 13,068 feet in height, and from there directing their efforts not only to climbing this Monarch of the Canadian Rockies, but also to the exploration of new territories in this most wonderful of all of Canada's Alplands, hardy lovers of the out-of-doors are also doing much to bring home to Canadians the fact that within the borders of this Dominion, and especially in the northern section of the Rockies, lies the finest scenic territory in the world.

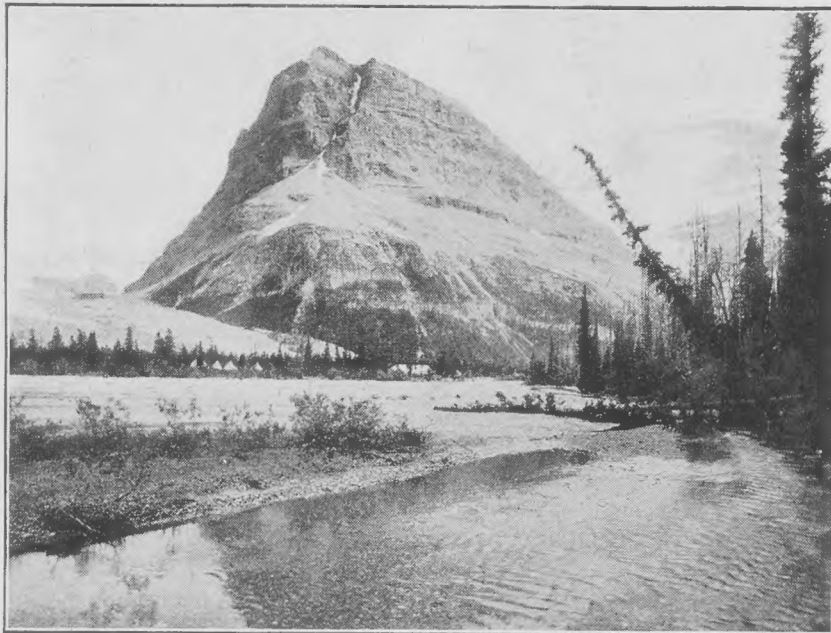
The highest peak in the Canadian Rockies and the most formidable, Mount Robson rises sheer to the clouds, the queen of peaks in what has been termed the most wonderful scenic amphitheatre of the Rockies. By her side rise others, gaunt Mount Rearguard, Mount Mumm and Mount Mary Vaux, Mount Whitehorn and a score of others, each offering their challenge to the hardy Alpinist who seeks to attain that which few, if any, men have attained before him. Mount Robson itself is regarded as one of the most dangerous peaks to climb, since weather and ice conditions there are seldom favorable to climbing parties. Indeed, only twice in history have men reached the peak of this mammoth, ice-coated pile, and this year the attempts of the Alpine Club, numbering among its members some of the world's famous climbers, will be turned toward making a third and possibly also a fourth attempt.

The camp is expected to accommodate some 150 climbers from all parts of Canada, the United States and the British Empire. They will work, under careful guidance, from a base camp at the foot of the mountain, some nineteen miles from Mount Robson station on the transcontinental line of the Canadian National Railways. And while every opportunity is being given to climbers to attain their hearts' desire and reach higher elevations than they have ever attained before, elaborate precautions for their guidance and safety have been taken. The camp is in charge of Mr. A. O. Wheeler, director of the Alpine Club and himself an ardent lover of the mountains. From the peaks of Mount Robson, the mountaineers will glimpse a new country: an unexplored territory which has become known the world over as the hunter's paradise, where grizzly and other bears, the mountain sheep and mountain goat are at home in their element and where adventurous hunters may find trophies awaiting them which are fit to grace the home of the mightiest hunter.

While trails to the Alpine Club camp have been improved in preparation for the arrival of the members this year, journeying over mountain trails is by no means an armchair procedure. Wilderness travel, such as faces the Alpinist on his way to a base camp, is done by means of ponies, and to the man or woman unaccustomed to riding, even the most sure-footed pony is a trial at the end of a day's ride. The food and camping equipment, which for a camp such as this, is limited to absolute necessities, is carried in from the railway on pack ponies while the "passengers" ride saddle ponies. And here one might remark that only the proverbial mountain goat can be more sure of his foot on the trail or when scaling an incline than is the mountain pony, who carries unbelievable loads over footing which sometimes is sufficient to scare even the hardest human being. The mountain pony, or cayuse, will go anywhere that a man can go without using his hands, but naturally there are many places along the trail where the "passenger" prefers to dismount and make the climb or descent on Shanks' Pony rather than trust to even a mountain pony.



Miles and millions of tons of ice greet the climber when he reaches the main glacier of Mount Robson.



Mount Rearguard stands in stately solitude, keeping watch over the Monarch of the Canadian Rockies.



After a hard climb, a rest in pleasant valleys is most welcome to riders and pack ponies alike. The pack train at the foot of Mount Robson.

When one has reached the end of his journey over the Robson trail, however, the beauties of mountain and lake scenery are such as to compensate for all the hardships. Great glaciers, stretching down from the sides of this huge mountain, feed their tiny trickles of water into rivers which flow to the Pacific Coast or to the Hudson Bay. At the foot of the mountains, blue-green lakes, with their typical coloring from the glacial slit, add their charms to the landscape; while in July and August the Alpine flowers, of which there are such

a profusion in this territory, contribute their glorious colors to the ensemble in such a manner as to make the outlook charming to even the most phlegmatic.

But it is not only the lover of scenery that the Robson district charms, for here, far from the haunts of the regular tourist, the grizzly and cinnamon bear, the mountain goat and the bighorn mountain sheep find comparative safety during the intervals between hunting seasons. Being outside of the boundaries of the National Park, which stretches from Entrance, where the Canadian

National Railways enter the Yellowhead Pass, to Summit, the western boundary, the animals are plentiful. The National Parks are game sanctuaries, in the best sense of the word, and though they are protected within the boundaries of Jasper Park where they breed in peace, a certain number of the big game overflow into the territories on both sides of the sanctuary. So that here, in the Mount Robson region the hunter finds lordly game challenging him to his utmost endeavors. On the lower slopes of the mountains, the Mountain Sheep is to be found grazing together with occasional moose and caribou, as well as other specimens of the deer tribe. Up toward the timber line, however, the white mountain goat is found; and here also is the home of the grizzly, the silver-tipped king of the bruin tribe, the hunting of which is by no means a task for weaklings. Every year scores of hunters from all parts of the continent visit this part of the Rockies in search of trophies, and for their service, guides are available at the main camp operated by Hargreaves Bros., at Mount Robson Station.

Mount Robson Park is in British Columbia, almost adjoining Jasper National Park, the largest and finest of Canada's national parks, where every year thousands of tourists flock to enjoy Canada's mountain wonderland at its best. Here is found Jasper Park Lodge, the log cabin hostelry of the Canadian National Railways, which the tourist finds a convenient spot for beginning his journeys into the splendid territory of peaks and valleys which lie within the park. Every year Jasper Park Lodge is becoming more and more popular with visitors to Canada's mountain resorts, and this year many non-climbers are paying a visit to Jasper Park Lodge at the time of the Alpine Club camp at Mount Robson and making the short journey from there to Robson for a brief stay. In preparation for the many visitors who are expected to visit Mount Robson during the time of the Alpine Club camp, however, special arrangements have been made for the opening of a bungalow camp at Mount Robson, where those who are not going into camp with the Alpine Club can find comfortable accommodation awaiting them at reasonable rates.

One of the distinctions which Mount Robson can claim is that of being probably the most frequently photographed mountain peak in the Canadian Rockies, for all passenger trains of the Canadian National Railways, whether bound to or from Vancouver or Prince Rupert, stop at an observation platform, from which a splendid view of the mountain is obtained. Sometimes the tourist is not fortunate in getting a snap of the mountain when it is absolutely clear of clouds, but, even with its attendant wreath of fleecy cloud hiding the uppermost peak, Mount Robson is a thrilling sight and one well worth the effort spent in securing a satisfactory photograph and the tourist visitor, on his or her return home, is able to convince friends that Canada has some charms which cannot be duplicated anywhere else in the world.

The Busy Bee

Few persons realize the enormous effort required to make a single pound of honey. In a pound jar, the Manchester Guardian tells us, there is the concentrated essence of sixty thousand flowers.

To make a pound of clover honey the bees must take nectar from sixty-two thousand blooms and make two million seven hundred thousand visits in getting it. Often the journey from the hive to the flower and back is as much as two miles, so that the making of a pound of honey requires journeys that may aggregate more than five million miles. When we remember that a single colony of bees will produce from sixty to eighty pounds of honey in a season we realize that the bee is indeed "busy."

Another case where
"Nothing can take the place
of FELS-NAPTHA"



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With Fels-Naptha handy, mother knows that no permanent damage is done. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha quickly dissolves greasy milk stains when the linens are soaked in the sudsy water, or when a thick suds of Fels-Naptha is rubbed on the rugs to remove the spots.

Fels-Naptha is a very real help in cutting down the hard work of washing rompers, woolens and diapers. It gives them that deep *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness*. And thoroughly clean clothes are healthful. Fels-Naptha removes the cause of irritation to the tender skin.

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha in anybody's home. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blending of *splendid soap* and *real naptha* that gives you such extraordinary benefits.

Get Fels-Naptha from your grocer today, and enjoy *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness*!



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The Lady of the Emeralds

By Patricia Clare

MAYHEW paused in the act of lifting the razor to his chin. His eye had just caught the date on his dresser calendar. Three days old! With his left hand he tore off the three top leaves, exposing a large number eleven. Then a slow smile spread over his face and from the recesses of his throat as he swiftly plied the razor about his well-developed jaw, came a sound which might have been interpreted as expressing part skepticism, part amusement. The magic number, eleven, had called it forth.

It was the eleventh of the month and in the ordinary sense this meant nothing special to Professor Mayhew. It was also Tuesday, thesis day, and he had no lecture until one-thirty. But—the evening before, his married sister had succeeded in dragging him out to a social affair, termed a "tea-fight", and he had there been wheedled into having his palm read by a gypsy fortune-teller. Of course she hadn't been a real gypsy, and he had listened with a polite somewhat bored attention to her prognostications. For fifty cents she had conjured up some pleasant but highly improbable future events for him. He was to be married—ah, very soon! His fate was rapidly approaching. It was breaking all the speed laws and cutting corners on two wheels as it were, to reach him! The lady of his choice would be a person of high character, much intelligence and no little beauty. Also he was due for a legacy soon and his lucky number was eleven. Everybody had a lucky number, whether they knew it or not.

"Think back and see if everything fortunate that has occurred in your life hasn't taken place either at eleven of the clock or on the eleventh day of the month," she had advised him.

He had obeyed her. But the result of his cogitations was disappointing. He had had a serious illness at the age of eleven. One night at eleven the house had caught fire. Eleven years ago to a day he had been "plucked" in his exams.

"No, no, madam! I am unable to accept your dictum," he had told her, rising ere she could request another half-dollar for a recounting of his past. "Still I thank you kindly. You are a true optimist. The bare idea of that legacy has bucked me up wonderfully."

His boarding-house breakfast bell sent out its clarion summons, and Mayhew hurriedly dressed.

AN hour before noon found him at the jewelry counter in a large department store. He was choosing a pair of gold cuff-links for a birthday present for a fellow member of the Faculty.

The store was thronged. Next to him, and at times so close that he could discern the faint aroma of Parma violet that emanated from her vanity-bag, stood a young woman in a fashionable blue costume. She was looking at some expensive necklaces, languidly lifting them up in her slim white fingers and laying them aside, seemingly unable to come to a decision in the matter of a purchase.

Mayhew found himself unable to refrain from little sidelong glances of furtive admiration. She was undoubtedly a charming sort of person, though not strictly beautiful. She had a clear-cut piquant profile, soft, dark hair and a pair of shadowy hazel eyes. It was the latter feature of the girl that drew the young professor's attention irresistibly to her. They were strange eyes. Something of regret lay in their depths. They were the sort of eyes that invariably accompany a good brain. He could see that she was sensible, perhaps an economical person. She was evidently regretting the high prices of—

Then an involuntary gasp of horror escaped Professor Mayhew. For even as he continued to watch her in his un-

obtrusive way, he saw her do a very odd thing.

She glanced swiftly to right and left and quickly slipped an emerald necklace up her sleeve.

All this while he had been standing beside a shoplifter! Mayhew's heart, which almost ceased operations, now commenced to pound. A cold sweat broke out all over him. The shock of what he had just witnessed left him staring at her in unqualified amazement.

She looked up, caught his expression, and a queer, pleading look came into her eyes. Then they dropped swiftly, she drew her lips together, bravely assumed an air of indifference and turned to leave the counter.

But Nemesis was on her trail! From behind a marble pillar stepped one of the great store's watch-dogs—a man in plain attire but clothed with official authority.

Blandly and in very quiet tones he invited the young woman to accompany him to the office of the store superintendent.

Mayhew saw the girl's face whiten. His heart contracted with pity as he heard her essay a laugh. So young, so lovely—and so hardened! The young man whose days were spent in the seclusion of college halls was face to face for the first time with an actuality of real life, a sub-strata, a demimonde, occurrence. In all his learned, scholarly helplessness he stood gazing at the lovely thief but unable to aid her in the slightest degree.

"You were a witness of this?"

The words, though quiet, cut into his consciousness like the chill chipping of steel on ice.

"I—I really prefer not to appear in this matter at all—" he began, backing away.

"But we must have you. You won't be detained long. Come!" insisted the detective.

RELUCTANTLY Mayhew followed the speaker and the girl into an elevator. All the way up to the sixth floor he watched the girl's hands—fair hands that clasped her gold mesh-bag firmly—not the ordinary hands of the professional shop-lifter, he imagined. These fingers did not look predatory. Still you never could tell. The appearance of immunity they had was likely their best professional asset.

During the next ten minutes Mayhew lost all sense of time. Afterwards he told himself that an hour must have passed. The usual formula was put to the girl, who gave her name as Clare Wilkins. She was searched in an adjoining room by the matron. But apparently the emerald necklace was all of the booty. A price tag was on it.

"One hundred and eighty-five dollars!" exclaimed the superintendent. "Whew! You didn't do this from necessity, young woman! You are evidently not in want. Is it your first offence?"

"I prefer not to say," said Miss Wilkins.

"Ah! Then your record will have to be looked up. Call a closed car, Mr. Maxwell, please. And this young man," "He witnessed the removal of the necklace."

"Then he will go along."

"Where to?" demanded Mayhew. "You're not sending her to—can't the fine be paid here? I—will gladly pay it if you will let her off."

The superintendent shook his head. "We've let too many off. It happens too often. Last month we made a new rule. Right over to number six station they go now!"

Miss Wilkins had been standing with downcast eyes. At Mayhew's offer to aid her she flashed him a grateful look, but at the same time shook her head.

"What made you do it?" he asked, as they filed out again.

"I—I just love emeralds!" she an-

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swered, and it seemed to him that her tone sounded irrelevant.

At number six station Miss Wilkins was given "ten days" without the option of a fine, until her record could be looked into.

Mayhew, though loath to admit it, was compelled to believe, from all absence of an hysterical manner on her part that Miss Wilkins was an old offender, or else she had great self control!

"My dear girl, why do you lead a life of this sort?" he asked, as he prepared to leave her.

Without realizing it he had taken one of her hands into his own strong clasp. Looking earnestly down at her he suddenly remembered that his young sister must be about her age.

At his sympathetic tone Miss Wilkins displayed her first sign of emotion. She gulped once or twice and then sobbed convulsively into her handkerchief. He left her thus, promising to call upon her the next day.

a box of candy and some fruit. She did not extend her hand but he took it and spoke to her in a big-brotherly manner. She sat on her hard little bed, he on the plain wooden bench.

"I admire your altruistic motives in coming here, Professor Mayhew," said the girl at the end of his first half dozen halting remarks. "But really you can do me no good. You—you don't understand the temptations I am subjected to. I—"

As she looked at him with the light from the one barred window falling across his earnest young face she broke off, her lips twitching. Then she buried her face in her hands and sobs shook her slender shoulders. But when she looked up he saw that her eyes were dry and bright. Fell despair had had her so long in its clutches that even the refreshing boon of tears was denied her. Mayhew sighed.

"But a girl like you—why I can see your soul shining in your face—surely, surely you can pull yourself up to the



Where Lake and Mountain Meet

THE young don was only half present in the spirit at classes that afternoon. In the evening he chanced to read a disquieting editorial in one of the papers. Ordinarily the topic would scarcely have interested him sufficiently to make him wade through the first sentence. It was about prison reform. The evening Echo had been championing the cause for some time.

"Why it should be necessary to keep the public in the dark in regard to conditions in our prisons, we cannot understand, unless it is a case of palpable, patent mismanagement." The Echo said. "And as for the state of affairs in the women's sections—particularly in numbers six, nine and eleven—how, in a city like ours, such woeful neglect of the ordinary decencies can be tolerated, passes comprehension."

Mayhew shuddered as he pictured the possible plight of Clare Wilkins. Owing to lack of proper food the girl would emerge at the end of her incarceration a mere shadow.

So the next day he smuggled in to her

level of honest living again. What do you do with your time here?"

"I tried to write—some letters. But they took away my materials. In my handbag I had a fountain pen. They took it away."

Mayhew searched his pockets. They yielded up a fat little blank notebook and a pencil. Miss Wilkins accepted them gratefully and hid them under her mattress.

He took her hand again at parting. She really had rather wonderful eyes. Mayhew sighed again and turned away. He had promised to bring her some reading matter the following day.

THAT night he paced his room for over an hour, his hands clasped behind his back, his brows drawn together as when he wrestled with some problem in psychology. He mused long upon Miss Clare Wilkins.

What had her past been? She seemed very well educated and she appeared to

Continued on page 51



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Remember the old days when pearly teeth were seen less often than at present? Then look about you now. Note how many teeth now glisten. Mark how much those whiter teeth add to one's attractions.

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Film is the teeth's great enemy—that viscous film you feel. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. So nearly all people, however careful, suffered from discolor and decay.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose their beauty.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

These tooth troubles were constantly increasing. They became alarming in extent. So dental science sought ways to correct them.

New discoveries

Research brought out

new discoveries. New ways were found to fight film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring. Many careful tests have been made. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists the world over began to urge the use of Pepsodent. As a result, the careful homes of some 50 nations now employ it daily. You see the results in prettier teeth wherever you look today.

Other attainments

Scientists have found other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

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Qualicum Jim's Magic

By R. A. Belmont

A LIGHT step sounded upon the creaking boards of the weather-worn porch. The heavy door flung open, letting in a chilly gust of wind, banging shut again with a crash that caused some of the more nervous ones to wince. Standing with his back against the portal, his keen black eyes taking in the gathering, and coming to rest upon the unfamiliar face of the man by the counter stood an Indian.

Straight as a mountain pine his powerfully built body towered over six feet, long black hair, caught up with a beaded band of buckskin; a single wing feather of an eagle in front spear-ed its slender beauty into the air. The man had on a well worn suit of buckskin, fringed, with long thigh leggings. Haughtily the newcomer stood, until his quick ear caught a warm greeting from Seth Jenkins, proprietor of the little store.

"How, Qualicum Jim."

"How, Seth Jenkins."

"Fair to middlin', Jim. What brings you here tonight? I thought you was over on the far side of Comox Lake, trappin' beaver."

"Qualicum Jim followed the trail of White Faced Bear down the mountain. It was a broad trail and a warm one. Just to the east of Eagle Rock it stopped and Qualicum could find no trace of it. The orenta of the White Faced Bear is strong, yet will Qualicum Jim outwit him by the magic of his manito."

From the man standing by the counter came a half-suppressed exclamation. A light flared into the blue eyes, as they rested admiringly upon the supple proportions of the Indian. He turned his head, bending a questioning glance upon Jenkins. The storekeeper rightly interpreted the meaning of his look, and raising his voice, spoke again to the red man:

"Jim, this is Dick Burke. He was raised in these parts. He wants the pelt of the White Faced Bear, or Terror the Panther. He will pay one hundred dollars in cash to the man who brings him either one."

Advancing silently from his place by the door, the Indian strode to the counter, putting out his hand in the white man's in greeting. Burke grasped the outstretched palm, giving it a hard grip. For a moment the red man stood, his eyes taking in every detail of the other's appearance. His clothing was of the best that money could buy.

Abruptly the Indian asked a question: "Why does my white brother wish for the pelt of the White Faced Bear? Does he fear the darkness of the woods that he does not go himself?"

The face of Burke flushed darkly. A flame of anger lighted the blue of his eyes. Yet he spoke no word, bending down and pulling up one leg of his trousers. To the Indian's gaze was exposed the flesh marked with cruel, unsightly scars, the limb withered, weak and small. Restoring the cloth to its place the man walked a little distance away from the counter, his body swinging with a hideous limp.

The eyes of the Indian were now full of compassion, and Burke swiftly noted it. Knowing from long experience the ways of the red man, he refrained from explanation for the time being. He knew that the curiosity of Qualicum Jim would soon be shown by question, and standing somewhat awkwardly upon the injured limb, he waited. Presently it came.

"Qualicum Jim asks pardon. He did

not know. Perhaps the white brother fought a mighty battle?"

BURKE did not at once answer the Indian's question. Then, facing the red man squarely, he spoke, in his voice a ring of conviction, while his eyes blazed again.

"In the mountains of British Columbia once ran a grizzly, a killer in whom the wicked spirits had their will. Upon the white man one day this bear stole, as he was cutting wood for a fire. The white man's gun stood against a tree, too far away to be reached. In his belt was a knife. A cracking twig caused him to turn. With an axe he dealt a blow upon the head of the bear, but the axe handle broke, and the weapon was useless.

"Drawing the knife," Burke continued, "he forced the battle upon the wicked spirits who dwelt within the bear. The white

man's orenta was very great yet did the evil spirits leave their mark upon him that he will carry until the day of his death. The scalp and pelt of the grizzly bear rests within the lodge of the white man. Is my red brother satisfied?"

Not a sound was heard within the little store while Burke told his tale. The eyes of the Indian shone with excitement. Stepping close to Burke, he smote hard upon the other's back.

"Qualicum Jim salutes his white brother. In the dark of the forest lurks the White Faced Bear, his hide a shield from bullet or arrow, but the white brother wishes for his scalp, to hang in his lodge beside that of the grizzly—then Qualicum Jim bring to his white brother the pelt of White Faced Bear, for the orenta of Qualicum Jim is also strong, and by it he shall overcome the White Faced Bear."

Turning without a word of good-bye, the Indian opened the door and strode out into the night. For a short time after his departure there was no word from those remaining. The lamp flickered, its smoky light dancing upon the faces of the men.

Burke turned to Jenkins. "What tribe does he belong to, Seth? He spoke good English, but I couldn't get my eyes on his totem."

"He says he's Haida," answered the storekeeper. "A chief of the Bear Clan, and a Magician. That's all I know about him; but I know, too, that you couldn't get another Injun, nor any white man, in all the woods, to go after the White Faced Bear."

THE naked trees of the forest swayed and moaned, as the fall wind whistled through their bare branches; the hoot of an owl, from far upon the mountain, floated to the ears of the Indian as he softly trod an almost imperceptible trail. The night was dark and rather cold, for soon the snows of winter would be flying; but to the red man the path was as plain as day. In his mind was a determination to fulfil the promise made to the white man; to bring him the pelt of the White Faced Bear who roamed the forest, carrying with him the spirit of evil.

A lighter space in the darkness proclaimed a clearing, the Indian crossing it diagonally came to a cabin standing like a black blot against the face of the cliff. As he swung open the door, a furry shape lunged against his legs, but with a guttural word of command the Indian



Straight as a Mountain Pine

shook himself free. He poked the dying fire, placing upon it some dry wood, causing it to blaze up, lighting the interior to some extent. A short distance behind him stood a black dog, with pointed ears, the gleam of his eyes in the light of the fire advertising his wolfish ancestry.

The Indian, bent, grasping the animal by the scruff of his neck, and plucked from the thick coat a few hairs. Going to a shelf, he took down a pouch, shaking a little tobacco into the hand and holding the hairs, rubbing the two together.

From a corner near the fireplace he raised a long, strong bow of red cedar, and a quiver of bright-colored, flint-tipped arrows. Selecting several of these, he smeared them with an evil-smelling mixture contained in a small willow basin. Pulling from a hook some red threads, he tied a couple about each of the selected arrows, midway between the head and feather, and began a not unmusical chant, at the same time throwing, bit by bit, the hair and tobacco into the fire.

Behind him, the dog crouched, watching the proceedings with glittering eyes. To the manito the red man lifted his invocation, for protection and success in the quest of the White Faced Bear. The sing-song of his voice came to an end suddenly. Quietly he sat on his heels, his head cocked to one side as though listening. Drifting down from the mountain came the soft, sweet hunting howl of a wolf, an arrow of sound piercing the shield of moaning wind.

Lithely the Indian rose to his feet; upon his fierce features an expression of satisfaction.

"The Wolf greets me with the good hunting call," he muttered. "We go."

Followed by his dog, the Indian closed the door of his cabin, disappearing into the darkness of the trees without a sound. In his hunt for the White Faced Bear, the red man placed no dependence upon his rifle, the weapon of the white man, but reverted to the silent bow and deadly arrows of his fathers, each shaft carrying the charm against spirits of evil said to inhabit the object of his quest.

A BLACK squat shape waddled through the forest, slowly casting from side to side in search of food. The wind had died to a murmur, and through the drifts of flying cloud a full moon shone fitfully. Down at the foot of the hill a little clearing, naturally formed, covered perhaps an acre of ground. Through the enveloping curtain of cloud the moon burst suddenly, showering the forest with her silvery light.

In the clearing a score or more of tiny shapes frolicked gleefully. In utter silence they played, their quick and graceful movements making them appear like wraiths of a clouded vision. But to one watcher by night whose flat, evil head peered out from a screen of bush on the edge of the clearing they were not wraiths, but juicy, tender tit-bits for a hungry stomach.

Unconscious of their danger the rabbits played joyfully in the moonlight; a huge, sinuous shape hurtled through the air, landing with his great paw on one rabbit, another imprisoned between his jaws. Though the game was small, Terror, the Panther, was satisfied with his kill for the moment, and he sat munching his meal as the frightened survivors of the rabbit tribe scuttled for the safety of the intricate pathways of a blackberry tangle, where no murdering Panther could follow.

Sniffing, the black form circled the clearing, moving slowly, and when the head was raised it could be seen, by the moon's light, that the creature had a White Face. This part of the forest was dotted with fallen timber, great trunks lying in a tangle of intertwined tops and branches. The bear, however, threaded his way easily enough, climbing a trunk here, and walking up and down the prostrate forest monarchs there. All at once he sprang back hastily, as a slender body streaked by him, in startled flight, the tiny hoofs spurning the ground as they carried their owner, with the ease of a flying bird, over the obstructing

trunks and into the safety of the forest. A deer had been rudely awakened from his slumber.

Suddenly the White Faced Bear squatted. Down the wind there had come to him the scent of man. Very quietly he snuggled under a tree trunk, but the sharp nose of the dog with the pointed ears, and the sudden rush of the startled deer, had betrayed him. Stopping, the dog waited for his master to come up with him. All at once the dog quivered, a growl smothered in his throat. The hair along the back of his neck rose stiff and straight. Over the fallen trunk a head with gleaming white face reared itself, gazing at the Indian.

For just an instant a little dart of fear slid down the Indian's spine; then, fitting an arrow to the bow, he let fly, swift and sure, at another mark. Down behind the trunk dropped the bear, but Qualicum Jim had no impulse to shout in triumph. A snarl, and a great thrashing in the clearing followed. The dog, with tail between his legs, crowded close to the Indian, as though in fear.

Owing to the tangle of the branches, it was a short time before the red man gained the farther side of the great trunk. His eyes dilated with understanding rather than surprise. He looked about him. There was no bear to be seen. The noise in the clearing drew his attention, and carefully he crept among the fallen trees, gazing out into the open. The clear light of the moon outlined a muscular body, of long sinuous lines, tumbling about in agony upon the short grass. With a last spasmodic effort, the twisting, writhing form grew suddenly still.

Advancing, an arrow strung to his bow, the Indian cautiously made his way into the open space. There, lying dead, stretched upon his side, a feathered, thread-tied arrow projecting from beneath his left shoulder, lay Terror the Panther. A smile rested for an instant upon the red man's features.

A slight noise in the brush, behind him at the edge of the clearing, caused Qualicum Jim to turn quickly. There, with his head thrust curiously through the withered, dry-leaved branches, his face gleaming in the moonlight, stood the White Faced Bear. It was as if he had come to gloat over the fate of his enemy, the Panther. Turning his face upward to the moon, the Indian began a chant to the spirits of evil, his voice a trifle unsteady. When he had finished, once more he looked at the spot in the bushes, but the White Faced Bear had disappeared.

Qualicum Jim was brave, and his belief in his medicine was still unshaken, for had not the omenta given him one of those he had come to seek? Drawing his sharp knife from his belt, he knelt, and began to remove the pelt from his quarry. Swiftly, deftly, he worked, soon rolling the tawny hide up in a tight bundle.

Taking up the hide, Qualicum Jim swung it lightly to his shoulder. Unhampered by clouds, the moon sailed majestically along in the blue vault of the heavens. Quivering through the naked forest came the long-drawn cry of a loon, from the bosom of Comox Lake. To the Indian it was an omen. He was yet to be successful in his chase of the White Faced Bear.

Qualicum Jim arrived at the door of his cabin just as the first faint streaks of dawn were rosily coloring the east. He had thought out a plan while on the way home, the only drawback to which was the White Faced Bear's evil spirits, who might inform him of the red man's intentions. Qualicum Jim had not exhausted all the possibilities of his manito as yet. But to be potent it must be fresh, and he busied himself with his frugal breakfast, after which he rolled in his bunk to sleep until the sun had set, and darkness spread her sable wings over forest and hill.

THE White Faced Bear had become thirsty, and to quench the dryness within he hid himself to a small, clear stream where the water was of surpassing sweetness, and cool as the mountain spring from which it came. As he raised dripping jaws from the water, a most

Continued on page 14



Three Unseen Enemies Repulsed by MENNEN'S

YOU cannot see them—these deadly foes that seek to torture your baby's skin. But they are forever present, always prepared to do damage.

These are *Moisture* (perspiration, urine, bath-water), *Friction* (rubbing of clothes, bedding and skin-folds) and *Infection* (likely to become serious if not checked in early stages).

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A special process makes Mennen Borated Talcum highly absorbent—like millions of tiny drying sponges. These fairy flecks draw hidden, poisonous *moistures* from the skin-folds as no towel could ever do.

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BORATED TALCUM

WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS

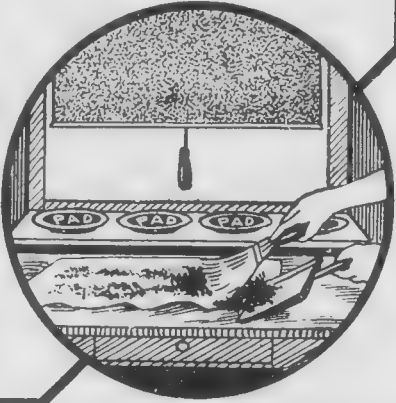
READ DIRECTIONS
CAREFULLY AND
FOLLOW THEM
EXACTLY.

There is only one way to kill all the Flies

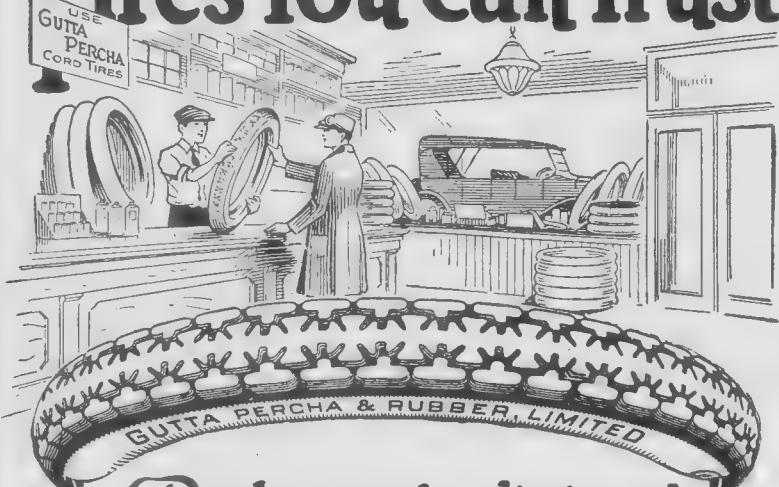
This is it—Darken the room as much as possible, close the windows, raise one of the blinds where the sun shines in, about eight inches, place as many Wilson's Fly Pads as possible on plates (properly wetted with water but not flooded) on the window ledge where the light is strong, leave the room closed for two or three hours, then sweep up the flies and burn them. See illustration below.

Put the plates away out of the reach of children until required in another room.

The right way to use Wilson's Fly Pads



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QUALICUM JIM'S MAGIC

Continued from page 13

delectable smell smote his nostrils. Holding his head high, he sniffed, and sniffed again, his willing feet unconsciously following his uplifted nose. Locating, for a certainty, the direction from which the scent came, the White Faced Bear set off at a trot.

Again the moon bathed the woods in silver; but a little breeze barely rustled the tree-tops; the air was crisp and clear, with little more than a hint of frost. In the centre of a ring formed by huge fir trees was a little space. Upon the table-like top of an immense stump sat a pail, appearing somehow out of place in its setting. Along the sides of the pail, and down the stump something trickled, slowly, seductively, with a fragrance arising that was unparalleled. The White Faced Bear had followed his nose to the source of that alluring scent. Honey! A whole brimming pail of it—wild bees' honey!

All his customary cunning was forgotten in his overwhelmed desire for the delicious dainty upon the stump. He emerged from the bush, his sharp claws digging into the dry bark as he lifted his body rapidly toward the luxury. Snap! And cruel teeth bit into the flesh of his hind leg. Down from his height the bear tumbled; growling, snapping, tearing in pain and rage.

a glance at the others, went straight to Burke, placing a bundle upon the floor at the white man's feet.

"There is the pelt of Terror the Panther, he who has walked the hills by night. The Orenta of Qualicum Jim is very strong. Outside, tied to a tree, is the White Faced Bear. No arrow may pierce his hide, no bullet kill, yet Qualicum Jim made him a prisoner."

If each of the Indian's calm, low-spoken words had been a bomb, they could have had no greater effect upon the open-mouthed listeners. As one man they rose to their feet, making a dash for the door. The Indian preceded them, his tall form leading. Sure enough, tied to a tree, muzzled, but still full of fight, though utterly miserable, was the famed White Faced Bear. By the light of a lantern and the moon, the men examined the animal as closely as he would allow them.

Limping over to the Indian, who stood, immobile, near his captive, Burke slapped him hard on the back, gripping his hand hard. "Burke will give Qualicum Jim two hundred dollars in gold, one hundred for the skin of Terror the Panther, the other for White Faced Bear. Qualicum Jim is a mighty hunter, and his manito is strong. He is the white man's brother."



*By the light of a lantern and the moon the men examined the animal
as closely as he would allow them*

Over his head and about his forelegs twined a loop of rawhide, and he was pulled taut, his body wriggling in protest. A gleam of triumph in his eyes, from behind a tree came Qualicum Jim, stepping closely to his victim, finishing the job of securing him, and taking from his pocket a bear-trap key, prying open the trap, and setting the imprisoned leg free. Over the animal's head he fastened a muzzle of strong rawhide, bound and reinforced with wire.

Working carefully, he now released the bear's leg, and White Face got upon his feet, shaking his head violently, endeavoring to free himself from the muzzle. About his neck was a stout rope, and at the other end of this the Indian stood, pulling it tight; a word of command to the black dog and he ran in, nipping the bear sharply. There was nothing for the bear to do but go forward, and go forward he did, with a rush that nearly pulled the Indian off his feet.

Drawing himself to his full height, the Indian made answer: "My white brother speaks good words, but White Faced Bear goes back unhurt to the forest. The red man brought him here, that Burke might see he was not boasting. Qualicum Jim is "Haida," a chief of the Bear Clan. Upon his breast reposes the totem of the White Faced Bear."

Opening his buckskin shirt, the Indian bared his muscular chest. Upon it, outlined in scarlet, painted in white, reared the figure of a bear.

Qualicum Jim continued, closing the flaps of his shirt: "To kill the White Faced Bear would bring the spirits of evil swarming about Qualicum Jim. No longer would his orenta be strong. I have spoken."

Striding majestically from his place in the crowd, he went to the tethered animal, untying the rope binding the bear to the tree. Leading the unruly beast a little way into the forest, with deft hands, unafraid, the red man slipped the muzzle, and unloosed the confining neck rope.

IN Seth Jenkins' store that evening sat the usual gathering, listening without interest to a long-winded tale told by "Black-Jack" McDonald, a trapper of the Squamish. Burke was present, and he yawned with boredom, wishing that it was time to retire. In the midst of McDonald's tale, the door swung open wide, admitting the Indian, who, without

In the moonlight the bear stood for the drawing of a full breath, his eyes full upon the tall form of the Indian. Then, without sound, like the evil spirit he was supposed to be, he melted into the shadows of the forest. With right hand upraised, the Indian stood, watching his former captive until he was lost to even the red man's keen eyes.

Among the Thousands Revisiting England

A Canadian
Journalist's
Experiences
During a
Month of
Many and
Varied
Activities

BY SHEILA RAND

IT is just as if I had never lived in England—everything is so new to me. Not only am I re-visiting "spots" of interest that I have so entirely forgotten as to doubt that I was ever there before; but I am meeting people hitherto known to me by name and fame only. In short, I am not as I thought I would be "an exile returned" but just one of the thousands and thousands of visitors pouring into London many of whom, like myself, have faint recollections of bowling a hoop in company with the ghost of Queen Victoria, through the beauteous Kensington Gardens. You remember that lovely passage in Strachey's life of Queen Victoria? How, as she lay a-dying, she thought of her childhood and of the games she had played in Kensington Gardens? But, come now, I am "hedging." There is no reason why I should drag Queen Victoria into this article. The truth is I am embarrassed by my riches, I have so much to tell you about, I do not know where to begin. Should I start off with

A Royal Dinner Jacket and tell you that the Prince of Wales has set the leaders of the World of Fashion by the ears? He wears a dinner jacket of navy blue serge. Think of it! Black broadcloth has been the fabric for men's evening clothes from the very first day that man decided to look as much like a black beetle as possible. Navy blue serge with a full dress shirt. What is England coming to? No, this is not idle gossip. My eyes have seen the glory of the evening suit of serge. Where? Ah, hereby hangs a tale—although the Prince's suit had none, being what we call a Tuxedo. It was at a prize fight! Please, dear readers, do try to visualize the writer of this

article. It was at the Albert Hall associated in my mind from infancy with the noblest of the inspiring arts—music. Ten thousand people waited eagerly for the first strains of the band. "The muscles of his brawny arms were strong as iron bands" sang the poet foreshadowing I suppose this very day when the temple of music would re-echo to the strains of cracking cords. Well, there was I, one among ten thousand. Next to me was Sir Herbert Barker, respectfully called "manipulative surgeon," affectionately referred to as "bonesetter"; and scornfully dubbed (by those jealous for the profession) "muscle thumper!" In front of me, an inch or two from my knees were two empty chairs. I wondered who had six guineas to waste upon the deserted chairs! (Six guineas, fellow Canadians, is about twenty-nine dollars.) Suddenly nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine people rose to their feet. Surprise prevented me from doing likewise. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the sporting Lord Lonsdale and one of his famous big cigars, entered the ringside and took their seats. The chairs touching my knees were occupied! Oh, I was nearly forgetting to tell you that the fight was between Jack Bloomfield and Dick Smith. Jack Bloomfield won—I am told. When my eyes were not glued on the Prince, they were shut for fear of seeing some blood. I do hope that that Winnipeg boxing fan, H. G. Rowlin, catches sight of this article. He'll go green with jealousy. Now, you see how I know about the Prince and his blue serge Tuxedo. Perhaps I shouldn't have begun with this story because it was prior to the Prize Fight that I met

Continued on page 48



Abundant
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Fine after-
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Five New Joys

Await you in Palmolive Shaving Cream

By V. K. Cassidy, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

If a Shaving Cream excelled all others in one way you'd be delighted.

Let us multiply that delight by five. Let us show you five new joys we have brought to millions in Palmolive Shaving Cream.

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Three years ago most men were wedded to some other soap or cream. Most of them were satisfied, perhaps. Then came Palmolive Shaving Cream, made by famous experts. The final result of 60 years of soap study.

A test was offered which countless men accepted. The users were amazed. In the short time since then this soap has become the Shaving Cream sensation. It has built up a new idea of what shaving cream can do.

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Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. Thus a tiny bit suffices for a shave.

It softens the beard in one minute, by forcing the hairs to absorb 15% of water.

It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face, so it does not need replacement. Its extra strong bubbles, acting like wedges, support the hairs for cutting. That means a clean shave.

The palm and olive oil blend makes the after-effects delightful.

Try it as a courtesy to us. We made up 130 formulas in seeking to perfect it. We did it to please men like you. Now judge the result for yourself. Clip this coupon. Mail it at your leisure for a Ten-Shave Tube.

Five reasons why

- 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2—Softens the beard in one minute
- 3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
- 4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting
- 5—The palm and olive oil content brings one fine after-effects.

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A Budding Isaak

Be Your Own Upholsterer

When Your Furniture Shows Signs of Strenuous Service

By Sylvia Sims

WHEN the green of the Western landscape begins to hold more than a hint of gold, our thoughts slip forward, occasionally, to the next change of season. It is a change that will carry us from our out-door lives, to in-door occupations. Surely as it loses us when the fine weather puts in an appearance, the house gets us back with the first hint of coolness.

And when we begin to use our houses for something more than places to eat and sleep in, we are apt to look at them very critically. Last spring, we may have failed to notice the threadbare appearance of this couch, the sagging springs in that armchair. In the long winter of intimacy with our furniture, we seldom observe the gradual effect of wear and tear.

Now, when we do notice the run-down spots, is the time to freshen up things. This is the great renovating season, the time when we look ahead to the many months when home is not only "where the heart is," but where *comfort* is. So we encourage the spirit of criticism when it threatens to oust the spirit of docile acceptance of things-as-they-are. We are very interested in things-as-they-might-be.

Some months ago, we discussed at considerable length the making of slip-covers. Such useful things, slip covers! They not only give us a practical covering for all kinds of over-stuffed furniture, but offer us a splendid disguise for *ugly* furniture. Covering the whole wooden frame of a comfortable but hopeless looking chair, is a fine way to preserve its advantages and hide its disadvantages from an innocently admiring world.

When your eye fastens upon a well-worn chair cover, your simplest solution may be the slip, even though the former cover was not removable. If it is whole but shabby, you can leave it to carry on a life of usefulness, its weakness hidden effectually. If it is broken, perhaps it can be patched for strength. Of course, if there is a cotton under-covering, you can rip it off altogether. For the steady use of the winter season, choose a material with a well-covered or perhaps a dark ground. Many stunning cretonnes come with a black ground; others have a good deal of tan in them. Let it be bright enough to add a cheery note—an easy matter without clashing with the rest of the furnishings, if you take care to work into the main colors that are already present. If there is a sufficient amount of pattern in your room already, one of the plain materials such as denim, rep, etc., will be a sound choice. You can bind it with a braid in harmonizing color.

The slip cover will not be hard to make. Most chairs follow fairly straight lines. You can lay the material on the chair, curving and fitting wherever necessary, pin it in place, baste it, and remove for stitching. If you like, you can do this with the material right side out when you are cutting and fitting it; then when you have stitched the seams, bind them. If you prefer, you can spread the material on the chair with the wrong side out, and keep the seams on the inside. Add a box pleated flounce or a shirred one, if you care to.

When a Slip Cover is Not the Thing

THERE is not always a cure for run down upholstery in the simple slip-cover, however. The trouble may be more than skin-deep, so to speak; springs have a habit of becoming loosened at times; webbing gives out; padding sinks into a state of chronic depression, or becomes lumpy. And of course, there are all the chairs and sofas with good looking wooden frames which we would not think of covering up.

Upholstery is neither so mysterious nor so difficult that the amateur cannot make a very good job of it, in reasonably simple cases. So I propose that we first go the rounds, making notes of the repairs that are needed, and the materials we think would be required. Covering for a chair here; webbing to be replaced there; tacks, longer nails (slender and sharp), leather-headed or metal upholstery tacks that will blend with the new coverings, strong cot-

ton, perhaps, to make a sturdy under-covering, glue, upholsterer's thread, needles, stout thread and so forth. List them all first, so that there will be no amateurish delay for lack of some essential bit of equipment.

To Repair a Seat with Springs

IF you will study these instructions and follow them patiently, you can mend a padded chair seat yourself, without going to the expense of employing a professional.

Examine the webbing first. Has it broken or sagged? If it is at all frail, it must be replaced. Perhaps you will find that it is literally the source of the whole trouble, when you turn up the chair and inspect it.

If new webbing is in order, rip off the old, and measure it to see how much new stuff will be required. Allow a generous amount to turn under at the ends, as marked at A in Figure 1. A good turn-in makes for strength, as you will readily see.

When the old webbing has been ripped off and all tacks removed, use the point of a knife to scrape dust out of chinks and crevices that could not ordinarily be reached. Take an end of the new webbing, *fell* it just as you would a hem, and tack it firmly to one side of the chair frame, where the old webbing was tacked. You can follow the old marks throughout, unless you are of the opinion that too few strips of webbing were used to make a strong job of the original, in which case, place the new strips at your discretion.

When one end has been firmly tacked in place, draw the webbing across the frame as tightly as possible and put in a tack or two to hold it in place. (See B, Figure 1). Cut the webbing, leaving plenty to *fell* that end the same as the first one. *Fell*, and tack firmly through the double thickness. Proceed to the next strip and the next, until all the webbing that runs in the same direction has been

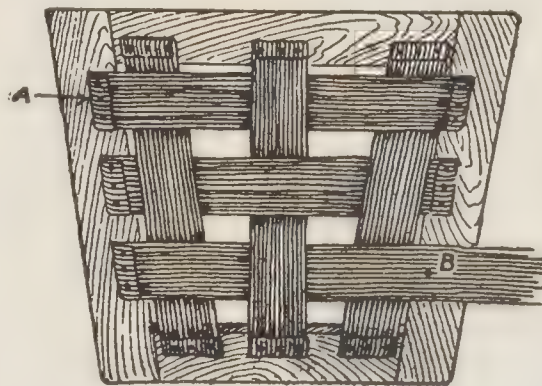


Figure 1—Method of weaving and fastening webbing

tacked in place. Then begin with the cross-pieces, weaving them under and over the other strips, as illustrated in Figure 1. When this is finished you have the foundation for a seat that will be firm and durable, if you have allowed generous turn-ins, tacked them firmly, and put in enough strips of webbing.

There are two generally used types of padded seats—those with coiled wire springs and those that are merely padded. In the latter case, fluff out the padding and add new if it seems to lack life enough. Stretch a piece of firm cotton over the webbing (felling the edges to make it strong), and nail it all around. Put the padding in place, stretch a muslin cover over it, taking every care to keep it very smooth, and tack down. You are now ready for the outside cover.

The second type of padded seat is known in a general way as the "box seat." Its skeleton, with cover and padding removed, is shown in Figure II. It has a third dimension, lacking in the previously discussed seat; like a box, it has *depth*. The now familiar webbing forms the main support here, too, but as examination of the picture will show, there is a set of coiled wire springs fastened on the webbing.

The box seat, when complete, has in addition to the webbing and springs shown in Figure II, a tight cover of burlap or heavy cotton over the springs, a layer of padding, built up nicely with a sheet of cotton batting and a generous layer of upholsterers' moss or tow, topped with a layer of hair or cotton felt. Over this there is a neat cotton cover, and finally the outside covering of any material you choose. The edges are probably finished with silk or cotton guimpe, nailed on with special flat-topped tacks.

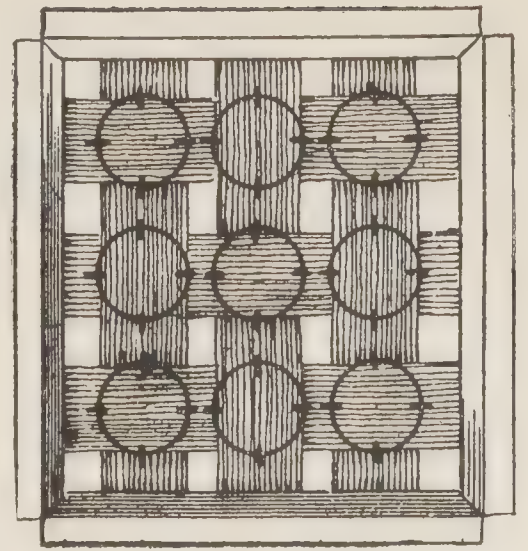


Figure 3—Showing each spring sewn to the crossed strips of webbing at each intersection

How to Build Up a Box Seat

LET us suppose the worst. We have traced our trouble right to the foundations. The covers and padding removed, the webbing is found to have weakened.

We know how to replace a worn bit of webbing, and proceed to do so. Certain of the springs will be attached to the old piece. These we remove and if they have not been crushed out of shape, we hold them to put back on the new webbing. Any springs that are crushed, we must replace with new ones. (They run in standard sizes and are carried by all furniture stores).

Examine the way the springs are held in place in the old seat. Each spring is sewn down in four places, on two strips of webbing, where they cross, as shown in Figure III. Then every spring is tied into the proper relative position with its neighbor and to the sides of the frame—as you will see plainly in Figure II. Use strong twine for the purpose and tie the top wire of each spring to the top wire of each of its four neighbors and tack the ends of the twine to the sides of the frame. This secures all the springs, and holds them in an even and strong position.

We are now ready to cover the springs with a piece of burlap or strong cotton. We know enough now to *fell* all the edges to make a strong job of it. The padding next—the old material if it is in good enough condition when it has been pulled and worked over, or some new to replace or supplement it.

We must be careful to build up this layer very carefully. It must be even, or when the cover goes on, the surface will have a most peculiar bumpy look. Remember the "ingredients" (which you can buy from any furniture shop if you need them)—cotton batting, upholsterers' moss or tow, and hair or cotton felt.

Over the padding put a cover of strong cotton, drawing it tight and watching the shape of your seat-top. This inner cover will help you to obtain a smooth surface, will make your outer cover wear much longer than it would do if put immediately over the padding, and will make it an easy matter to change the cover at any time. When it has been tacked in place all round, we are ready for the outside cover.

Perhaps you will only have had to *begin* at this point. If your seat was still firm and shapely and only a frayed cover needed to be changed, you can save the foregoing information for some occasion on which your luck won't be so good.

Putting on a New Cover

THERE is probably a finishing line of guimpe around the edge of the old cover. Pry out the tacks that hold it and then rip off the cover itself. I hope your luck holds to the extent of revealing an undercover in good condition. If it, too, has weakened, patch or replace it, as may be necessary.

When you are cutting the new cover, save yourself possible trouble by being generous. A scantily cut cover is very likely to fray out on the edges and render all your bother useless. Allow two or three inches to turn in on all sides. Lay it over the seat and fasten it in place by means of a few partly driven tacks about the middle of each side. Fasten the back first, with a tack in the middle and then one on either side of it; draw the material smoothly toward the front and put three tacks in there too. Do the same with the two sides. These tacks are all only partly driven in; they are easily removed, to allow you to coax and pull the material into the smooth and even position you desire.

When it is evident that the cover is in the right position, put in the tacks along the back—first one on the left, then one on the right, and so on, alternating until the deeply turned-in back edge is all tacked in place, except at the corners, which are all left to the last.

Continued on page 31

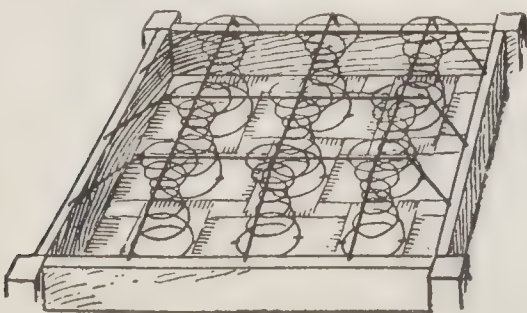


Figure 2—Springs are tied to each other and to frame



Canadian children and "grown-ups" are both "starving for sleep"

"Too many children are kept on a starvation ration of sleep," a noted specialist on the care of little folk declares. "This fact is a menace to the new generation." He might have added that most Canadian "grown-ups" are much nearer the starvation point on sleep than our children. We all work harder, play longer and rest less than any other race on earth. Yet all authorities agree that it is only during sleep that our bodies and brains rebuild their tissues and restore the balance of physical and mental energy used

up in our waking hours—no matter whether we spend them in work or play. The longer and deeper our sleep, the more complete this renewal, and the more vigorous the hold we keep on youth, personal force, and mental and physical efficiency. Be sure that your bedding gives you an honest return for every sleep hour. Study it. Compare it, at a dealer's, with the Simmons mattresses and springs he offers at prices as low as bedding built of new materials can be sold for. The Ostermoor is the finest mattress made in Canada.

Vital color gives its key to this inviting and dignified chamber. Curtains and bed covers are in a rich crimson taffeta, edged with bands of dull gold. The curtains might be monk's cloth: or both covers and curtains be of silk or mercerized poplin. The soft tan walls are in sand-finish plaster. The carpet is royal blue wilton. Tinted parchment shades on the candlestick lamps. The slipper seat and coffer strike added notes of color. The beds, dresser, chiffonette and night tables are from a complete new suite of Simmons furniture, in spirit 18th Century English, shown in a finish reproducing walnut: supplied also in brown mahogany. Beds are Design 1378, bow-foot, with golden brown panels in Simmons cane. For further information write to Simmons Limited, 400 St. Ambrose Street, Montreal, Quebec.

SIMMONS
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"Swift's Premium" is a mark that has long been an assurance of the highest quality obtainable. Thus when the *Ham* you buy is stamped "Swift's Premium" you can depend upon securing a delicious, wholesome food of distinctive flavor and unusual tenderness.

For this famous brand of hams is first carefully selected—then cured and smoked by the special Swift Process and under the direction of experts, with years of training and experience. The result is a product recognized everywhere as the standard of excellence and the preference of discriminating housewives. There are so many delightful ways of serving Swift's Premium Ham that it is an economy to buy a whole ham.

Swift's Premium Hams are always wrapped in parchment and distinctly labeled. Look also for the words "Swift's Premium" stamped on the skin of the ham. Order from your butcher or grocer.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

Make sure it's Premium



OUR SCENIC HERITAGE

By M. D. Geddes

DEEP-SEATED within the heart of each normal human being there is a longing for the ideal holiday. I think we can agree on that, but when it comes to determining what constitutes an ideal holiday our minds are as varied as the rainbow, the weather, or the leaves of the forest in Autumn.

Prairie dwellers, however, whether rural or urban, provided they are car owners, have one ideal way, endless in variety, low in cost, rich in health-giving qualities and full of thrills, right at their doors. Westward the mountains are calling and surely the whispering "wind o' the west" has breathed into your inmost spirit something of the charm, beauty, majesty and immensity of the park areas set aside by our government as National Playgrounds.

"Then we're off into the forests
Where the bubbling waters run,
Shout our challenge in the forests
At the rising of the sun;
Build our night-fires in the forests
When the careless day is done."

There is a lure in following an unknown trail and there are many delightful winding trails of rare beauty to explore. There you will find the land of calm nerves, hearty appetites, physical vigor and while you bask in the balsam-laden sunshine your body is absorbing the joy of being fit. There the ills of city life are miraculously cured by the "Big Medicine" of the pure, pine-scented, mountain air.

It may come as a surprise to many to know that there are over 370 miles of excellent motor roads and over 1,800 miles of pony trails in our Mountain Parks.

The following table shows the mileage in the seven National Parks of the Rockies:—

	Mileage	
	Road	Trail
Banff	130	747
Jasper	96	555
Kootenay	63	73
Waterton Lakes	34	218
Yoho	32	151
Revelstoke	15	11
Glacier	9	113
	379	1868

The photos illustrating this article give but a faint conception of the truly marvellous scenic motor drives one may enjoy.

Our land is rich in scenery and no other part can compare with our own Western Rockies, which have been likened to fifty Switzerlands rolled into one.

Our Scenic Crop

WE have reached a stage where revenue from the sale of scenery is becoming quite an important item. According to our Parks Branch report of

1921-22 our export sale of scenery (which means money received from tourists other than Canadians), totalled over \$100,000,000, ranking fourth amongst our exports and being surpassed only by agricultural and vegetable products \$317,578,963; wood and paper \$179,925,887; animal products \$135,798,720. Last year's estimated income from tourist travel is placed at \$136,000,000.

Farmers know that certain soils are better suited for some crops than others and it is being demonstrated that the rugged mountains, timbered valleys, winding rivers, jewelled lakes and flower-strewn Alp-lands of our National Park areas, which at one time were looked upon as waste lands, are bringing in a two-fold harvest annually, health to our people and revenue to our government. They will continue to increase this annual two-fold dividend provided every precaution is used to safeguard against fire. Canada's timber loss in appalling, and exceeds \$15,000,000 per year and most of this, sad to say, is caused by human carelessness. Watch every item of fire: matches, cigarettes, cigars, camp fires, and be absolutely sure neither you nor any member of your party is guilty of carelessness regarding fire.

The automobile is responsible to a very considerable extent for the rapid increase of tourist travel. An analysis of the registration of cars at Banff in 1921 shows that a very large proportion came from points on the prairies, as far east as Winnipeg and some from practically every section of the U.S.A. One gratifying feature of this class of travel is that it indicates these great reservations are yearly becoming more truly the "People's Parks." It is natural that it should have taken considerable time for the value of scenery to be generally realized in a new country where the question of making a living and establishing one's self on a firm basis is of paramount importance. Beauty is an intangible thing, while grain, timber, coal and fish are things that can be weighed and measured, and they supply needs so obvious that their value cannot be overlooked.

The Call of the Wild

BUT food and raiment are not the only things man craves for. They are the first essentials, but deep within most, if not all of us, there is a craving for the beautiful. Some noted writers in trying to give expression to this thought, have said, "Beauty born of murmuring sound," "Flowers preach to us if we will hear," "Butterflies, the souls of summer hours" and

"God walks in the woods at dawning
And even the pines forget
Their sadness awhile and ever
The soul, for its high endeavor,
Finds hope in the great green spaces,
In the marvel of morning set."

And thus it is good for every one of us to get away for a while from the daily grind of making a living; to get away from familiar scenes; and no outing I know of will give better returns for the time and money invested than a trip into our marvelous Rockies.

H. G. Wells, in the closing and prophetic chapters of his "Outline of History," foresees a coming civilization in which everyone will have more leisure and an opportunity to satisfy that nomadic instinct which is one of the deepest buried in our blood. He imagines that we shall see annually great migrations of people from the cities back to the mountains, the sea and the wilderness, there to gain new life and vigor. To some this may seem visionary, but many feel the call to explore wilderness fastness where life is still primitive and difficult and even dangerous; where one can find new life and stimulus and inspiration and the unspoiled beauty of nature which satisfies one of the deepest cravings of man.

The preservation of historic sites, of near-extinct animals, such as the buffalo and antelope, and the protection of migratory birds are allied with the National Parks work because they are forms of conservation of our natural attractions.

Auto Tourist Camps

THERE is a splendid auto tourist camp at Banff called the "Rundle Camp Grounds," situated near the confluence of the Bow and Spray rivers, close to the golf course. On these grounds there are nineteen shelters, two service buildings, water, sewer and electric light systems, with a resident caretaker in charge. During 1923 there were 1,693 permits for tents issued, 7,875 persons camped on the grounds, and 1,480 cars were registered.

While no one can travel through the Canadian Rockies, or spend even a few hours among the natural wonders of our National Parks, without gaining a new conception of their greatness and beauty, still the mountains yield their richest blessings only to those who come and live among them, absorbing through days and weeks their strength and health and beautiful serenity. These are the things the parks were created to give and they cannot be gained by the visitor who rushes through them in a few hours. The fact that so many Canadians are making the parks the objective for their entire holiday is, therefore, a matter for much satisfaction.

Of course those who intend visiting the Banff, Kootenay, Revelstoke or Yoho Parks will pass through Calgary where there is an excellent auto camp on St. Patrick's Island in the Bow River (see accompanying illustration). This auto camp is rapidly growing in popularity. In 1921, 275 cars and 918 people made use of it. This was increased in 1922 to

628 cars and 2,145 people, and in 1923 to 1,433 cars carrying 4,945 people. The cars came from every province in Canada and every state in the U.S., also one each from Australia and Honolulu. This camp, as well as one at Beaufort Creek, ten miles west of Morley on the Calgary-Banff motor road, is part of the good work the Calgary Auto Club is doing. The Beaufort Creek Camp is a sort of half-way house between Calgary and Banff, and has a tea-room, service station and long distance telephone connection.

Today there are tourist motor camps at most towns and cities where tourist travel may be expected. Some are absolutely free, while at others there is a small charge. These motor camps in the larger centres have, besides water, stoves, fuel and general conveniences (where the necessary family wash can be taken care of), electric light, police protection and small community halls or tents. At the camps, or at the information bureaux of the auto clubs at the various larger centres, necessary information and road maps may be secured. Much useful information can also be secured from the railways and the Canadian National Parks Branch, Ottawa.

These things all help to keep down the expense of the motorist so all that is needed is a tent, cooking utensils, a small stock of provisions, overcoats, a liberal supply of blankets, as the nights are cool in the higher altitudes, some money and an early start with

"Dew to the long grass clinging,
Scent of the good brown earth,
And out o'er the hills, upswinging,
The Red Road wandering, flinging
Its lure to the brave as ever
It lured since the world had birth."

August and September are the finest months for the motorist. The fly season is over and the roads are usually at their best. Then towards the end of September the coloring of the foliage is an additional charm. There are all kinds of scenic walks, exploration trips and delightful spots for picnicking.

Trans-Canada Highway

THE western section of the Trans-Canada highway forks at Regina, the northerly route heading for Vancouver by way of Saskatoon, Edmonton and Jasper Park, while the southerly line takes in Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Banff, Windermere, Creston, Grand Forks and Vancouver. On the northern route there is a long uncompleted portion between Jasper and Hope and on the southern two short gaps, one from Creston to Nelson, where cars have to be taken by steamer, and from Princeton to Hope by rail. Tourists heading for Jasper Park, if not unduly pressed for time,

Continued on page 49



"I Suffered Terribly With Sore, Aching Back"

Mrs. Roland Ferguson, 194 Lake St., Peterboro, Ont., writes:



"For over two years I suffered terribly with sore back. I was almost mad with the pain, and had doctored with it until I was discouraged. Then my father, who is a firm believer in Dr. Chase's Medicines, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I followed his advice, and am glad to say I was completely relieved of that torturing pain in my back. It is over a year since I used these pills, and I have had no return of the trouble, but always keep them in the house."

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A MODERN WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By Helen Lee Ford

THE old story of the wolf in sheep's clothing was fable. The story of this sinister modern masquerade is fact.

There have been beds of one sort or another quite as long as there have been people on the earth. And probably because they are so common, so necessary a part of life, we seldom think about them.

If you will give them a moment's thought, you will realize that nothing you have or can secure gives such absolute comfort as a good bed. The pleasantest thing in the world is to throw your body, exhausted by a day of hard work or play, upon a bed and let tired nerves and muscles relax. Don't you sometimes enjoy being tired, just to enjoy the sensation of how good that bed is going to feel?

There is a memory I will always have of the best bed on which I ever slept, and the first linen sheets I ever slept between. Then I knew what a bed could and ought to be. The utter delight of sensation produced by those cool sheets! They had been brought from Scotland and they breathed heather. Following an afternoon and evening strenuous with swimming and dancing, the freshness of that bed was heaven. Of course the fact the linen sheets were from Scotland has helped to keep the memory vivid, but the principal reason is that the bed itself was in every respect so fresh and comfortable and clean. And these, after all, are the most important considerations in bedding.

But what I want to tell you about is bedding which isn't clean, or fresh or comfortable, and which certainly is not safe for you or your family to sleep on. Few people realize the danger which can so easily be hidden in a mattress. The sale of unsanitary, filthy filling covered by an attractive new ticking and called a mattress has reached alarming proportions. It is time to do something, and that at once.

When the conditions are fully appreciated, stringent bedding laws undoubtedly will be passed. But there can't be laws until you and I and everyone else who creates public opinion are made to realize the necessity of legal standards of cleanliness in materials and methods for everybody's protection. All this does not happen in a minute, of course. In the meantime home managers should be warned in order that they may know how to buy proper bedding and keep the disease-laden stuff out of their homes.

OF the unscrupulous folk in this world, more than a fair average seem to be in the bedding business. They are out to make money and they seem not to care when they endanger the life and health of others. These men go to junk dealers who have picked up in alleys or on city dumps old mattresses discarded from rooming houses, hospitals, hotels, residences—any place where people sleep and mattresses wear out. This cast-off mattress is the junk dealer's special joy. He takes it, no matter what its condition, no matter how covered with stains and filth or filled with vermin. He sells it to the reckless maker who uses it as material for something which, at first sight, looks like an honest mattress.

The process of making these outlaw mattresses is simple enough. Cut up, they are run through a "shoddy mill" which with strong steel teeth tear the mattresses apart and shreds even filthy, dirt-matted material into the semblance of loose, light cotton. But no "shoddy mill" can make this second-hand dangerous "stuffing" clean.

No attempt is made to sterilize the material before it is "blown" into a

fancy ticking, pounded or pressed down into the shape of a standard mattress and put on the market at a price that is often cheaper than an honest mattress built of clean, new materials can be made for.

Because it seems a good mattress, you may buy it. And what have you? A mattress which will soon develop lumps, which will "murder sleep," making you nervous and unhappy. Worse than that, your body is brought into intimate contact with lurking disease germs, possible skin affections, to say nothing of the vermin, fleas or body lice which carry other diseases. Even reading about the possibility fills you with disgust—but think of actually living with it!

How are you to know such mattresses when you go in to buy new bedding? Look for a reputable manufacturer's label and if you find none, you can be reasonably sure the mattress is a doubtful investment. The reliable bedding manufacturers, who are careful that their material is all clean and new even when the prices are low, are proud to place their names on their products. The unscrupulous ones do not dare to use a label.

You can easily learn the names of the makers of safe bedding. And you can and should refuse to buy anything which isn't marked with a reliable name to protect you. The other mattress may look just as well, the ticking may be even more attractive, and the price may be cheaper. But you will find it far more expensive in the end because it will not give you service and it may positively injure your health.

THERE are such a number of things in this world to see and do and know about, that it is only those near and easy to investigate that we ever have an acquaintance with. Not very many people know enough about bad bedding. And the number who know what goes into a good mattress and how it gets there is almost as limited. Yet the process of making cotton mattresses is especially interesting and cotton mattresses are more widely used than any other kind.

Everyone knows how cotton is ginned. But perhaps you don't know that after the cotton fibres are torn from the seeds, there still remain many short, soft white fibres that are just as good cotton as the fibres that will go into the finest cotton fabrics made. To remove these valuable fibres the cotton seed is passed through a "linter" mill, whose razor-like blades cut off the longer cotton fibres which are known as "linters."

It is from this first cutting that the best cotton mattresses are made. There is a second and third cutting, each yielding still shorter linters. The second grade is used in making the lower grades of felted mattresses, while the third, the strands being too short to be felted, is used in the processed mattresses of the better manufacturers.

In those better factories, the linters are first thoroughly cleaned, passing through a machine which extracts all dirt and foreign material. As much as seven pounds of foreign matter is sometimes taken from the cotton for only one mattress. The linters are now put through a machine with thousands of sharp pointed teeth. Here they are separated into strands. This mass of strands is picked up on a revolving drum covered with wire mesh and made into layer on layer of soft felted material like a very loose, fluffy cotton "batt."

Removed from the drum the fluffy sheets of cotton felt are built up into a mass several times as thick as the mattress which they compose. Compressed, they are inserted and fitted into the

A MODERN WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

Continued from page 20

ticking, the sides are stitched up with an electric machine and the mattress is ready for packing and shipment.

Mattresses made in this way are absolutely clean—made of material which has never been slept on or used for any other purpose whatever. The material goes through the whole mattress process, from cleaning to packing for shipment, without being touched by human hands. There is no possibility, of course, of dirt or contagion in mattresses carefully made in this way.

You see what a good mattress is and what a bad one can be. And I hope you

realize that this is fact and not fable. When you buy mattresses, don't be fooled by the wolf in sheep's clothing—a mattress filled with old material which has not even been disinfected before being blown into an attractive new covering.

This mattress situation presents a real menace to health and comfort and personal efficiency. If every woman who needs a mattress would refuse to buy any but those made by reliable manufacturers, definite results would soon be achieved. The unscrupulous people would be forced to make decent bedding or get out of business.

TEACHING AT PLAY

By Winifred N. Whitlock

INFANT prodigies do not always bear out the promise of their youth. We recently read of an American boy, the son of a doctor who experimented on the baby brain of his son with such success that the child read and wrote at an abnormally early age and astonished the professors at Harvard University by his learning, but at twenty-one the wonder child had drifted to New York, and was holding a small-salaried position in an office, seemingly devoid of ambition, and only asking to be left alone in his humdrum work.

It is, to our minds, a great mistake to tax a child's brain with feats of memory such as teaching it the names of presidents or kings and multiplication tables, for at best such knowledge is only attained in a parrot-like manner, but as the years before school age, usually six or seven, form the most receptive of a child's life it is a great pity if a good foundation is not laid during that period.

To educate really means to draw out and not to put in as so many modernists seem to think. A child can be taught much in pre-school days by the intelligent answering of questions and by the judicious choice of games and telling of stories.

What lessons cannot be taught by stories and what method of teaching appeals more to the average child's mind? Morals and social laws can be taught to the baby by means of stories. It is only a foolish parent who tells a child the policeman will take him away, making him afraid of policemen. He should be taught that the policeman is the guardian of the law, protecting good people from bad ones and the first person to go to if a child is lost.

History, geography, botany and scripture can be taught to mere babies with the help of stories and pictures. The child who has an intelligent mother and one gifted with the art of story-telling, is to be envied. He will arrive at school age with a good fund of general information without having been "taught" in the accepted sense of the word.

The guiding principle of every mother should be the keynote of Froebel's teaching: "Study the child and he will show you what to do." Children differ so much that no hard and fast rules can be laid down for pre-school teaching, but every normal child asks questions and in the answering of these, lies the parents' opportunity. As a rule a young child is more with its mother than with its father and it is, therefore, on the mother that the onus of intelligently answering her child's question lies.

Some mothers feel that some questions are best left unanswered. "I want my child to remain a child as long as possible," a mother said to us once. That is all very well, but when a child begins to ask certain questions it shows that the child's brain has reached an age to think about the problems he asks about and if he is put off with evasions he will, if intelligent, only seek all the more to obtain the desired knowledge, and he often does so in an undesirable way. Our experience is that it is best to stick to the truth, and if the parent deems it inadvisable to tell the truth to say: "I will explain that to you when you are a little older. You wouldn't understand it now."

A generation ago stories for children consisted mainly of fairy tales; now they are written by experts in natural history and other subjects, in language that the tiniest tots can understand, so that if mother does not possess a vivid imagination she can always fall back on some of the well-known authors of stories for children. Let truth here be mingled with fiction for some children have such vivid imaginations that they are apt to find the strictly true tale very dull.

Great strides too, have been made in games in recent years. The playthings of our childish days were plain bricks, uninteresting picture-books and unlife-like dolls or animals. Now the animals in a Noah's Ark do bear some resemblance to their prototypes, dolls are ladies and gentlemen, sailor boys and babies and books are triumphs of the printer's art.

Even grown-ups like their pills to be sugar-coated and we don't blame the child for liking his instruction imparted in an attractive form and the more attractively knowledge is presented the more readily will it be assimilated by him.

Opinions differ as to when a child should be taught to read, but we think that by the age of four a child who has an intelligent mother should be able to pick out the letters and form short words and this without any actual lessons. "A. B. C." sounds very dull but finding an "A" block for mother while mother looks for "N" and then finding "D" to make AND is great fun, and if there are two little ones there is greater fun.

"I never had time to teach my children," said a mother to us once. She found time to talk to them but her talking consisted mainly of "don't" instead of "do." "Don't" mothers never have such clever children as "do" mothers.

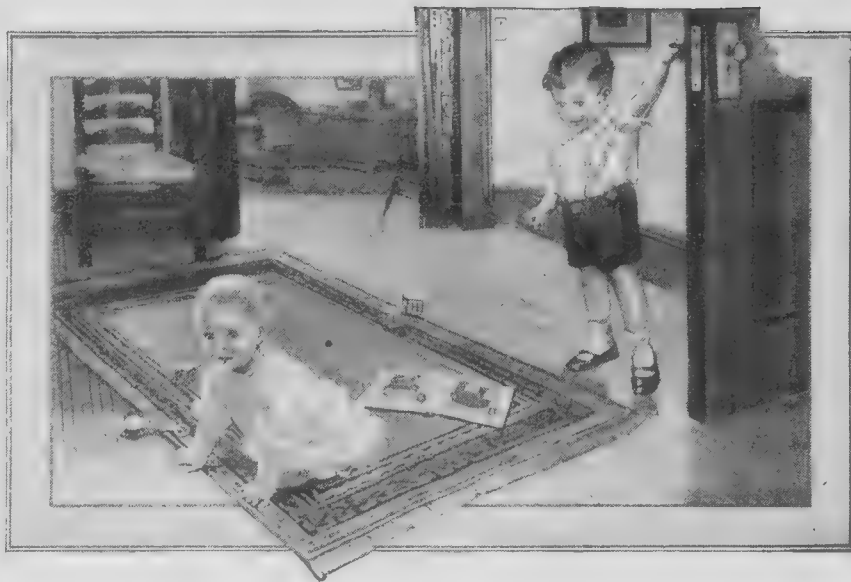
Wonderful possibilities unfold themselves to the mothers of small daughters. Long before Mollie goes to school she can be taught the elementary principles of housework and cooking, while helping mother. Winifred Sackville Stoner, a child prodigy of the United States, taught entirely by her mother, is credited with having at the age of three shown the cook how to make an omelet, and the little girl seems to have taken the greatest interest in cooking.

At the age of nine this clever little girl spoke five languages and edited a magazine, but her intellectual attainments did not make her disdainful of woman's real sphere, and at nineteen she became a bride.

In a lecture Mrs. Sackville Stoner is credited with the statement that she never say "Don't" to her child. She tried to turn the little girl's active brain into "doing" channels. Many mothers give their children pocket money instead of letting them earn it by doing something for mother. Children who earn money instead of getting it for nothing value it more highly and are not so likely to become extravagant as the children of more indulgent parents.

"Shut up," and "don't ask so many questions," are not wise things to say to a child, though it should be taught that all questions cannot be answered at the time they are asked, nor should

Continued on page 50



Are you sure that ALL the danger-spots are kept germ-free?

WHAT about the door knobs and door jambs—favorite lodging places for germs because touched so often by hands, little and big? What about the cracks in the floor, catching the dust and germs that feet drag in from the street? What of the scores of tiny corners and crevices where the friendly sunshine cannot reach to cleanse and purify?

All those places must be kept as germ-free as possible if every member of your family is to be effectively safeguarded against the attacks of disease-carrying bacteria within the home. It is not enough to disinfect just the few conspicuous danger spots—toilet bowl, drain pipes, garbage pail.

Microscopic examination of a new cloth used with soap and water for general cleaning purposes for only one week, revealed 9,000,000 germs or bacteria on the cloth. That shows the ineffectiveness of old-fashioned cleaning methods. Yet there is a simple, easy way to kill those dangerous, invisible germs.

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JUST put a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant in your cleaning water—everytime and everywhere you clean. Dip your cloth, broom, mop or brush in this solution. Wash, scrub, cleanse surfaces with it everywhere. Then you will have germ-free cleanliness in every part of your house—without a particle of extra work or bother!

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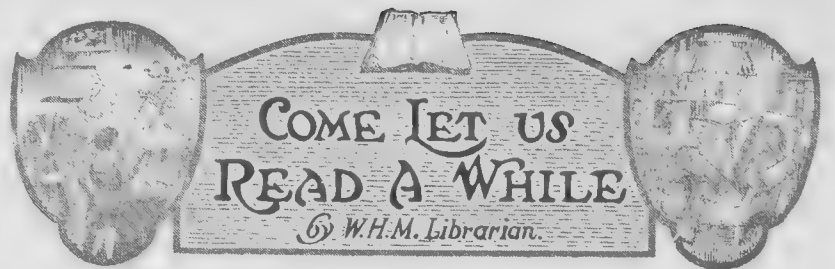
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Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., L.L.D.,
Headmaster, St. Andrew's College,
Toronto, Ont.



THEY say that beggars can't be choosers; neither can reviewers.

Whatever comes to hand must be read although the entire out-of-doors urges one to put aside the printed page and gaze into the face of Nature. It seems especially hard luck to have to read Johan Bojer's latest novel "The Prisoner Who Sang" (Goodchild, Toronto). Oh yes, it is an amazingly clever book, I admit. But the world is so beautiful just now and John Bojer has created in Andreas Berjet such a symbol of ugliness. The chief character in this strange story is a man who has no love whatsoever in his make up. From childhood upwards, he cannot resist playing mischievous pranks just to see the expression on the faces of his victims. By impersonating many different characters, he commits all manner of crimes. Towards the end of his evil career, he opens a pawnbroker's shop. His former theatrical training has given him the ability to "make up" very cleverly. He impersonates a certain pawnbroker and is then accused of murdering him! He proves to the judge that he himself is the pawnbroker. This is his last escapade. Returning to his village, penniless and starving, he is frozen to death. Andreas Berjet might be looked upon as the Norwegian equivalent to Robert Louis Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Only Andreas has the strange power of impersonating all types of characters, good and evil.

At first one is inclined to exclaim impatiently: "But why write this gruesome story? Why has John Bojer devoted his undoubted genius to the creation of such a grim story? What good can possibly be derived from reading it?" I think it is only fair to the author, to look beyond the actual story; to look deeper than the surface of mere entertainment. Might it not have been the author's philosophic purpose, to show us the soul of man with all potentialities for good and ill, revealed through the actions of one character. Are we not to consider Andreas Berjet as mankind in essence, rather than as one man with all the evil attributes known to humanity. Each crime this perverted creature commits has, in the history of the world, been committed over and over again by various types of criminals. In other words, this poor creature, this Norwegian Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is but the casket for all the evils of the world. It is surely a great compliment to the artistry of this Norwegian writer to be forced to admit that one feels pity for the evil doer and thankfulness to have escaped the burden of being such a one. The heartfelt words "There, but for the grace of God, go I" come readily to one's consciousness as the story unfolds. Herein then is the answer to the query "What good can be derived from reading such a book as this?"

An Unusual Story

If you are pining for something quite "out-of-the-way" read "The Book of Blanche," by Dorothy Richardson (Toronto, D. F. Goodchild). This is an extraordinary love story in which the spiritual transcends the physical. If I may be permitted to quote a fellow worker in the business of book-reviewing: "This novel (to use the simile of Mr. Deacon, the literary editor of the 'Toronto Saturday Night'), 'The Book of Blanche' is like a monument raised to Eros; a monument that brings to mind Watts' famous picture 'Love Triumphant.' For in this novel, Love is most assuredly triumphant over Death although to those who lack vision it might appear that Death has had his way. True it is that Blanche dies beneath the surgeon's knife. True also

that her death removes from him the first woman he has ever really loved—all other affairs having been nought but physical experiences. And yet—somehow—through the great art of Miss Richardson—we are firmly convinced that Love is triumphant and that the two weeks in which the brilliant surgeon Sevier and the young violinist Blanche meet, talk and fall in love, are as an Eternity for them."

A Medical Book For All

It is not such a long cry from affairs of the heart to blood pressure, that I need apologize for taking you from the love story of Blanche the violinist, to the blood story of Lewellys F. Barker, M.D., and Norman B. Cole, M.D. This book, "Blood Pressure—Cause, Effect and Remedy" (published in Toronto by D. F. Goodchild), goes thoroughly into a subject that is of growing concern both to the medical profession and to the general public. The doctor is concerned because he sees more and more clearly the relation of abnormal blood pressure to heredity, to acute infectious diseases, to arterio sclerosis, to diseases of the kidney, and finally to old age and the maladies, so often fatal, incident to it. The non-medical man is concerned because he is learning that the development of high blood pressure is a process rather than a disease, that symptoms develop rather late in its course and that preventive measures must therefore be taken early. This is a work that gives the information that all desire who are puzzled or worried by blood pressure problems. It clears up popular misconceptions, shows the physical elements involved, explains the influences affecting blood pressure in health and finally in a "what to do" chapter, the authors clearly indicate the means of prevention and remedy.

The Trail Rider

George Ogden, author of "The Land of Last Chance" (Toronto, D. F. Goodchild), has written a new novel entitled "The Trail Rider," a most exciting story beginning with a fight between Hartwell of Texas and the Mayor of Cottonwood. It was a brave thing to do—to fight the mayor, for not only was Hartwell a stranger to Cottonwood but he was penniless and worn out with travel and privation. But a sense of justice inflamed this Texan and helped him to victory. He had witnessed a roping contest for women and had seen how Sallie McCoy lost the prize through the mayor's unfairness. Hence the fight. After evading and outwitting the mayor's men who were out to get him, he was given a job as trail rider whose duty was to prevent the Texas cattle from getting off the trail and spreading fever through the northern herds. Furious clashes between the Texas and Kansas cattlemen were frequent and only the bravest rode the quarantine trail. Misfortune befalls our hero. One night he is captured, an opposition herd is driven across the line, Hartwell is accused of being a traitor. Of course he proves his innocence and wins the love of the fair Sallie whom he had defended at the opening of this romance of the west.

The Inverted Pyramid

There is a breadth of vision and a dignity of style about "The Inverted Pyramid," by Bertrand Sinclair (Toronto, D. F. Goodchild), that sets this novel aside as unusual and notable. Shortly, it is the story of the Norquay family through many generations. It is a story of how the disposition of inherited money affects the lives of three brothers and how they worked out their destinies.

The Pipers Played

By Georgia M. Cook

A GLORIOUS, riotous Twelfth of July!

Didn't someone remark at some time or other that there was a real affinity between the Scottish and the Indians? Well I never believed it until that amazing episode at Wabana. No, that isn't the real name of the town, but what's in a name anyway? It doesn't matter either, that the two gallant pipers were not really called Sandy and Donald, but these names will do as well as any other, for when it all happened neither one of them was quite sure what his own name might be.

"Sandy mon, that was a rare fine parade the day."

"It was that, Tonal, and I'm thinkin' the folk likit the pipes full as well as they did the drums."

"Let's gang awa in and hae a wee drap just tae celebrate."

And the two old pipers "celebrated" until the desire to express their exuberance of spirits sent them marching with heads erect and sporans swaying bravely, as they strode along down the one Main Street of Wabana, their pipes "skirling" madly and joyously.

And then IT happened—

Old White Feather and his tribe had come in to Wabana from the Reserve to see the Twelfth of July parade and were sitting stolidly on the sidewalk, wrapped in silence (and gay blankets) when the first pealing notes of the approaching bagpipes fell upon their ears.

"Ugh-Ugh-Heap big noise," grunted the old chief, and slowly gathering his blanket closer around him, he rose to his feet and went forth to his undoing. The two pipers, a little unsteady on their feet by now, were swinging down the street, and the challenge of "The March of the Cameron Men" was shrilling out on the summer breeze. They paused in front of the one hotel that served refreshment to ease the thirst of those who found Adam's Ale too weak a support, and old White Feather dropped his blanket from his shoulders and stepped out before them. His black eyes were glittering with a sort of unnatural joy and suddenly, without warning, he flung himself into a wild dance to the strains of the pipes. Sandy and Donald were delighted and played yet the wilder. Presently old White Feather was joined by the men of the tribe while the squaws gathered about in groups and watched the antics of their various lords with grunts and nods of approval. Faster and faster skirled the pipes. Faster and more wildly danced the Indians, and by this time most of the populace of Wabana was gathered around. There were several old Scotsmen in the crowd, and as they heard the stirring strains of their favorite airs, and saw the Indians whirling in and out in a very frenzy of glee, they could no longer restrain themselves, but rushed into the very centre of the frolic, and were soon dancing away with the abandonment of a crowd of boys just let out for a holiday.

Sandy and "Tonal" were inspired—they, too, joined in the dance, and playing madly as they danced they fairly made the welkin ring. At last, overcome by the exertion and the several draughts of "Hiram Walker" they had imbibed, they were forced to abandon their piping and lean for support on the arms of the friendly comrades who cheerfully volunteered to uphold their worthy fellow-countrymen. The evening shadows were by this time stealing across the town and with the ceasing of the pipes, the frenzy of spirit that those instruments seem to have the almost uncanny power to awaken—even in the breast of the stolid Indian—had died away. Without a word old White Feather picked up his fallen blanket, wrapped himself once more in its ample folds, beckoned to his admiring squaw and with serene dignity paced back to his wigwam, followed by the rest of the tribe. Silence reigned again in Wabana, and Sandy

Continued on page 26

Serve them with

Every Dish of Fruit!



IT is a delicious combination which no appetite can resist—fresh or preserved fruit mixed with those crisp, tasty morsels, those toasted puffed grains.

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Quaker Puffed Rice and Quaker Puffed Wheat are whole grains, steam exploded; made easy to digest. Only the most perfectly exploded grains go into the carton—only the grains which are most mature and therefore highest in nutrition and deliciousness.

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Puffed Rice

Quaker
Puffed Wheat

Whole Grains - made delicious

Puffed Grains are a good food—ready to serve in many delightful ways. They make the milk dish more inviting. Serve with soup instead of crackers. Use

instead of nuts in home candy-making. Douse with melted butter for hungry children to eat like peanuts. Keep both on hand always.

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BUFFET SET

3 pieces

Materials required: White Crochet Cotton, size 30, 2 balls. Steel crochet hook No. 11. Cream Belgian Linen: 19½ x 14 inches for large doily; 12½ x 10½ inches for small doily.

Filet Crochet Motifs

Start at letter A and work to letter B, then work back and forth, following the diagram. Work one row of s.c. and ps. around the edge of each motif. Sew to the linen as illustrated, then cut away the material underneath the motifs.

Mark the scallops between the motifs and have them hemstitched or turn the material on marked line and work into material.

Edge Between Motifs—Into hemstitching work one row of s.c. around each scallop.

2d Row—Work plain filet crochet meshes around each scallop.

3d Row—Work s.c. and ps. around each scallop

SLEEVELESS JUMPER

Size 36 to 38—Monarch Starlite

4 Balls Champagne
1 Ball Black
1 Ball White
1 Pair No. 7 Needles

Back—With Champagne Starlite, cast on 95 sts. Knit 8 ridges, then 1 row, purl 1 row. Now tie on Black, and work in Stocking stitch (knit 1 row purl 1 row) according to chart. When first design is complete, knit 2 rows Champagne. Now break off Champagne, and tie on White. With White and Black, knit according to design, using White for design and Black for background. When design is complete, break off White, knit 2 rows Champagne, then design in Black. Now break off Black, and continue in Stocking stitch with Champagne until work measures 16 inches, but on purl row keep 4 sts. knit plain at each end of needle to form border. Now knit 2 sts. together on 5th and st. from each end of needle every 4th row, 10 times. Continue to knit until work measures 8 inches from beginning of decreasing. Knit 1 row, then one the following purl row, knit 17, knit 33, purl 17, knit 4. Repeat these 2 rows 3 more times. On following row cast off 23 sts. in centre for neck, and from now on keep 5 sts. at front edge of work knit plain on every purl row. Also the 4sts. at sleeve end. On one side now knit front. Knit 6 rows for shoulders, then increase 1 st. on 6th st. from neck end every other row 12 times, and 1st. on 5th st. from neck end every 4th row, 12 times, and increase at sleeve end in same manner as decreased. When increasing at front is complete, break wool. Repeat same for other front. Now put sts. all on one needle. Knit to foot of garment, but keeping centre 10 sts. knit plain on the following 4 purl rows, after joining, thus forming neatly shaped neck. Knit to foot of Jumper. Cast off.

Sew up seams neatly.



Sleeveless Jumper with Fancy Border

Dresses for School Children

Now that summer is waning and vacation almost over, many mothers are beginning to plan the dresses their little daughters will wear during the coming school days. For those who wish to combine economy with good looks the following suggestions will be helpful.

In the first place, the little girl's school dresses

must be simply and entirely free from any "dress-up" look. Fancy frocks are entirely out of place in the schoolroom and the children of well-bred families, however affluent, do not wear them.

A number of blouses may be made from a single pattern, which is sure to prove a boon to the busy mother with few hours for sewing. She need not fear that the little girl will become tired of them if she provides different ties, varies the trimming on collars and cuffs and

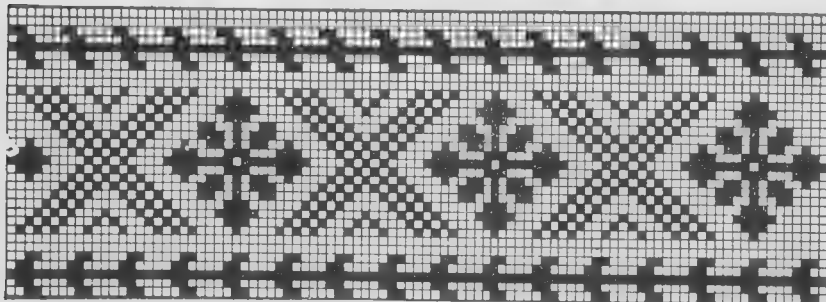
sews different emblems on the sleeves. Of course she will not forget to put a pocket on the left side, for what school girl can do without a pocket? She will also save laundry for there will be but half a dress to wash and iron. In addition to these practical advantages, this combination of middie and skirt is universally becoming and has therefore been adopted as the standard everyday costume in many of the best girls' schools in America and Britain.

The best materials to use for the blouse are Indian head or galatea. If desired, fadeless navy or scarlet wool flannel may be used for collar and cuffs, or they may be made of self material trimmed with several rows of cotton soutache braid. This flannel is washable and combines with the white material very nicely but unless you are sure of buying the fade-proof variety, don't use it. A whole blouse of this washable flannel would be a welcome addition to the little girl's wardrobe for very cold weather. It is also procurable in a bright green; a blouse of this trimmed in black braid and worn with a skirt of shepherd's plaid would make a very smart costume.

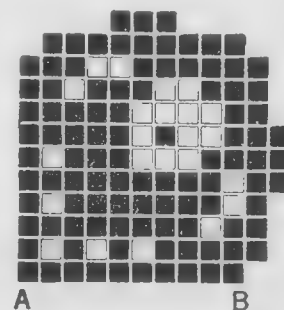
Perhaps you have an old serge or tricotine skirt or dress which could be cut down into a skirt for the little girl to wear with her middies. If in good condition, it may be ripped, washed carefully in soap flakes and pressed while damp and will answer the purpose as well as new material. There might even be enough to make a blouse to match. If of blue, trim with scarlet wool or silk braid and wear with a scarlet tie. Brown material is also good; so are black and white check and Scotch plaids.

As to the tie, the most practical one is the black silk handkerchief worn by our sailors. It is made of an excellent quality of silk and will wear a long time, though it may cost a little more in the first place. It is worn just as the sailors wear it, folded diagonally and the point of the "V" may peep out below the little girl's collar in the back. When it becomes a little worn, fold it the opposite way. You can wash it when soiled and iron it carefully so it will always be fresh and clean. These navy ties also come in

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Working Pattern for Jumper Design

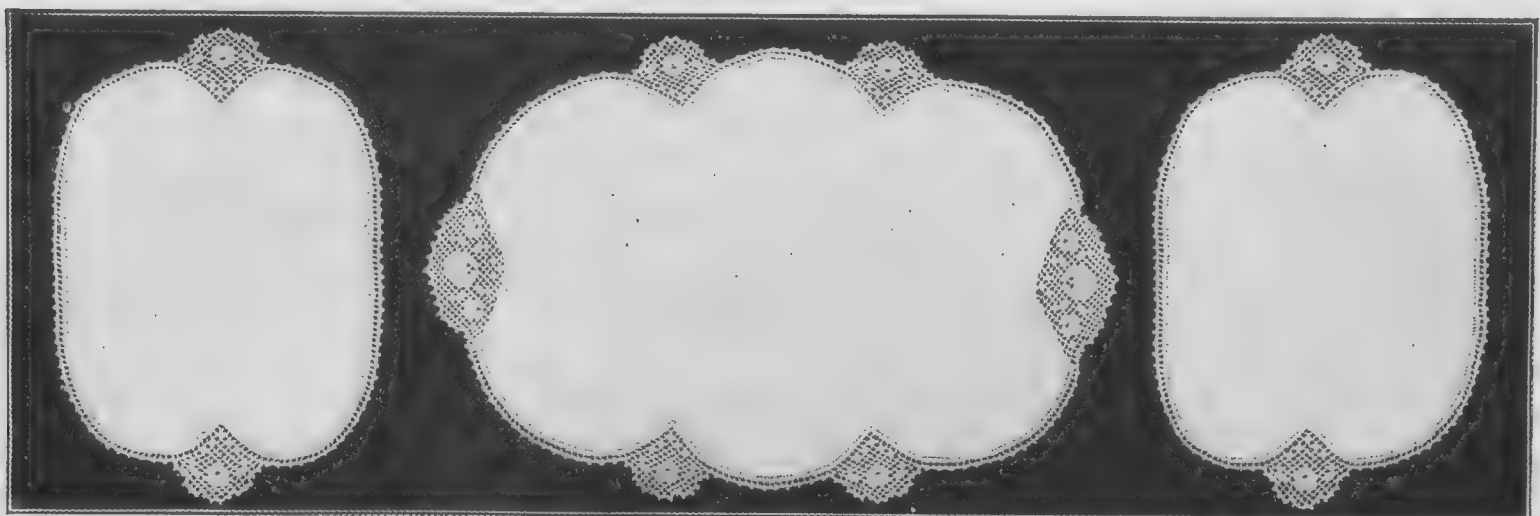


Working Pattern for Filet Motifs



Picot all around

A B



Buffet Set of Cream Belgian Linen and Filet Crochet

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS

Continued from page 24

scarlet and blue and they may prove a welcome change if the child tires of wearing the regulation black ones.

If other blouses are required, why not try making some simple slip-over ones of Japanese crepe? This material is inexpensive, keeps its color and launders well. And, best of all, it is manufactured in many delightful shades that would lend an air of brightness to the schoolroom on drear, sunless days. These blouses are so simple that any mother with a little knowledge of sewing can make them. One of Copenhagen blue crepe, trimmed with applique patches of rose, lavender, orange and green, has two rows of darning stitches—first a short one, then a long one—around the sleeves and one around the collar. These may be done in any of the colors used in the applique. Another of yellow crepe, has decorative stitchery in coarse yarn of a dark blue shade and the narrow belt runs through four bone rings sewed to each side of the blouse.

Somehow the skirts with box, knife or accordion pleats look better than straight plain ones. And they will hang better if you attach them to a waist, supported by the shoulders. If merely sewed to a belt, they are likely to be up on one side, down on the other, never even, for the small girl of eight to twelve seems never to have much of a waist line.

For the days of festivity and "speech-making" at school, the little girl may wear a velveteen blouse with her middy skirt.

A velveteen blouse of navy may be simply embroidered in scarlet and green, with a row of steel buttons on each shoulder.

One of brown velveteen may have its lower edge and sleeves scalloped and bound with brown or yellow silk braid. You will find either of these so simple that it will take very little time to make, and you will feel well repaid when you visit the school to hear your little daughter play that long practiced duet, or speak her Christmas poem in it.

Needlework Note

In making a suit for a boy the putting in of the pockets is one of the details that is more apt to look clumsy. Usually a tailor can be hired to make and set the pockets and the improved appearance will be worth his price.

The European Plan

Mr. Boggs passed the evening paper over to his wife, indicating with a toil-worn thumb a certain paragraph. "Read that," he said, "and see what you think of Nathan Eldridge, that claimed to be so smart and was so keen after dollars. See how he's gone all to smash, and his hotel with him. Pretty doings for a Bushby boy! But I knew 'twould come!"

"How did you know it?" demanded Mrs. Boggs, to whom her husband's claims for unusual wisdom and foresight were sometimes a trifle irritating. "Folks have all said the hotel was full, and Nathan seemed wonderfully prospered."

"So he did, and so it was," admitted Mr. Boggs, "but no man can do as he said and be prospered long. Why, I heard tell from those that know that when Amelia Rand went there to pass a week, and 'twas such bad weather—shifty, clearing, and then smoothing up again, squalling and spitting the whole enduring time, and poor Miss Amelia inquired now and then how the wind set—"

Mrs. Boggs sniffed.

"Inquired now and then how the wind set," repeated Mr. Boggs, firmly, "what did she find tucked on the end of her bill but an item 'For use of weather-vane, \$1.00.'"

Presence of Mind

Automobilist (as he drives into the window of a milliner's shop)—"My wife wishes to buy that hat there in the corner!"



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MEN AND HORSES

How closely related is man to the more intelligent of the animals is seen in many of the ailments to which both are prone and the remedies to which they answer.

Doctors and veterinarians are oftentimes surprised to learn of the similarity of their methods of handling the ailments of man and beast.

Sprains, burns, scalds, scratches and many other minor injuries, many everyday ailments, too, in men and animals take the same course, and both answer immediately to the same treatment—Absorbine Jr.

Absorbine was first discovered by a very close student of the horse, W. F. Young, and by him, devoted to its cause. Its very exceptional benefits, however, were promptly seized upon for the human race and, in a milder form, the preparation is sold all over the continent today as Absorbine Jr. It is used for men, women and children everywhere as a positive germicide—a germ killer—and a prompt and certain healer of all hurts. It is useful not only for all the purposes served by ordinary liniments and embrocations, but as a mouth-wash and for anything else where a germicide is needed. Don't wait until you need it. Get it in the house today. \$1.25 at your druggist's.



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Just try this delightful Harvey Tailored Underwear once—underwear made of soft flat-knit combed Sea Island yarn that has the luxurious feel and the appearance of silk at but a fraction of the cost.

Harvey Tailored Underwear is shaped to the lines of the figure and provides a perfect foundation for any costume; street, sport or evening.

Compare it with the most expensive underwear you can buy, and see what comfort, style and wear you get at moderate cost in Harvey Tailored Underwear.

If your dealer does not sell Harvey Tailored Underwear, write us for the name of one who does.

To the Trade: Full range of hosiery and underwear may be seen at our new sample room, 33 Melinda Street, Toronto.

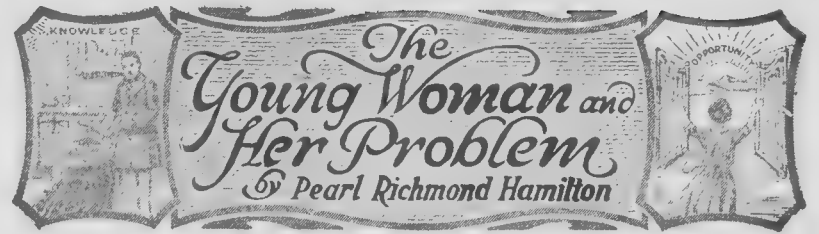
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Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg



A Library Investment

WHILE reviewing some books this year before a girls' club the remark was made by one young woman: "I would like to read some of those books but they cost too much. I could not afford to buy them."

Then I told her how I had the opportunity to read them. It was decided then and there that the same plan would be adopted by this club next year—a circulating library within the club.

At the beginning of the year each young woman contributes either a book or two dollars. The member's names are typewritten in each book in alphabetical order and every member is allowed to keep the book two weeks—then pass it on to the next member. We found in our club that some contributed books while others gave the two dollars. With the money we were able to buy some of the best recent books on biography, art and literature.

Thus at a minimum cost we had the privilege of the best of books. This would be an excellent plan for girls' clubs to adopt.

I often wonder why libraries for girls in clubs are not more encouraged to counteract the awful trash that is so common in magazines and slushy books.

Henry Ward Beecher said that "Books are the windows through which the soul looks out."

We are well aware that no poisonous influence contributes more to crime today than books and stories weak and destructive.

I have kept in my library a few books that are tests to a girl's taste in reading. It does not take long to understand a girl's ambitions from the book she selects. Good constructive reading matter is not a luxury but a necessity.

A home without books and magazines and newspapers of the progressive type is like a house without clean windows. One great statesman said his mother furnished him with good reading matter by her earnings at the washtub.

Many great men and women were unconsciously educated from books and periodicals in the home. No matter how busy one is one can find time to read—even if the housewife has to pin a quotation above her kitchen table.

Lucy Larcom, the factory girl poet, used to paste poems on the window sill near her machine.

One paragraph of strength-giving mental food is worth more than volumes of light reading.

The first is food—the second may be poison. Elizabeth Barret Browning says, "We err by reading too much, and out of proportion to what we think. I should be wiser if I had not read half so much." An intelligent choice of reading is important self-investment.

There are men and women whose whole lives have been molded, the entire trend of their careers changed and advanced beyond their most hopeful dreams, by the books they have taken time to read.

Sir William Waller says: "I know of nothing else which will enlarge one's ideals and lift one's life standards more than the study of the lives of great and noble characters: the reading of biographies of great men and women."

"Abroad, it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools. In study, I can call up the ablest spirits, the learned philosophers, the wisest counsellors, the greatest generals and make them serviceable to me."

As girls of ten request me to give them a list of books to read I am naming some for the summer's reading: Kenilworth—Scott; Henry Esmond—Thackeray; Romola—Eliot; The Last Days of Pompeii—Lytton; Middlemarch—Eliot; The Marble Faun—Hawthorne; Pendennis—Thackeray; Hypatia—Kingsley; The Mill on the Floss—Eliot; Treasure

Island—Stevenson; Under the Greenwood Tree—Hardy; Our Mutual Friend—Dickens; The Three Musketeers—Dumas; Anna Karenina—Tolstoi; The Mayor of Chesterbridge—Hardy; The Egoist—Meredit; The Sanctuary—Wharton; The Romany Rye—George Borrow.

One can select from this list five or six books for a summer's reading and acquire a taste for the best.

Another plan I have found very helpful is to concentrate one year on one author—I learned to do this from a literary doctor. Such as Scott, Eliot, Dickens, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning. In this way one becomes familiar with each author's style and appreciates more the next author she studies. Schools and colleges act as guide posts along the treasure houses of literature and teach us what to select and what to pass by.

Our Girl Graduates

FROM all parts of Western Canada we see pictures of girl graduates and reports of their standing—and we learn with pride of their medals and scholarships.

A girl in Manitoba wins the medals in the medical course.

A young woman in Saskatchewan finished her theological training.

In every university and college this year our young women are winning recognition for their distinctive accomplishment in scholarship.

In school days begins the training for eternal struggle.

We rejoice to see the girls in our colleges victorious.

There is always room at the top. The more industry becomes developed, the more complicated it grows—the more impossible it is for untrained young women to reach the top.

Whether in college or out of it the young woman of today must have a trained mind.

Youth is impatient. If we make good we must expect to work. Some time the difficulties ahead seem impossible to meet. A friend told me the other day that since she has learned to drive a car she has been impressed with the thought that driving a car is like life. She looks ahead and sees on the crowded street such a moving mass of cars that it appears impossible for her to get through, but as she drives on some how the way opens and when she reaches the place there is no difficulty at all.

So it is with life—if we drive along carefully but definitely somehow we see the way cleared when we get there.

It is interesting how some minds create—springing up under every disadvantage and working their way through a thousand obstacles.

We can change a great trial into a helpful experience.

The question of living one's life happily after all is a question of efficiency—and it is a hopeful prophecy for the future of Western Canada to see groups of girl graduates from hospitals, high schools, colleges and universities.

THE PIPERS PLAYED

Continued from page 23

and Donald were gently assisted to their room to recover from the strenuous events of the day. As they literally tumbled into bed Sandy murmured to his worthy compatriot,

"Eh, Tonald, mon, but it's been a graund day, an' yon wass a reel tae remember."

To which "Tonald" sleepily rejoined, "Ay, ay Sandy, an' wasna that what ye might ca' a verra guid celebration?"

Annual Convention of the Homemakers' Clubs of the Province of Saskatchewan

THE Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Homemakers' Clubs of the Province of Saskatchewan met at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon, on Tuesday, June 17, at 2 p.m.

The Address of Welcome was to have been given by Dr. Murray, of the University, but, as he was detained in Toronto, his place was taken by the Dean. He dwelt on the tremendous need of education, especially to the mothers of the land; who are really the ones mainly responsible for the character of the homes. Hence he considered the outcry against the expense of education unfortunate and ill-directed, in spite of hard times and heavy taxation. The nation can only be as strong as the individual homes; and the women who make the homes are accepting this heavy responsibility without the necessary training for their tremendous task.

Miss DeLury's annual report revealed something of the enormous influence of this organization, both as an educational power and in the great amount of community service work carried on by the different clubs in caring for the sick and the orphan, both individually and by founding hospitals, preventive work in baby clinics, home nursing classes, lectures and libraries. Two beds had been permanently endowed for mothers in the crusade against tuberculosis, and a third was hoped for; so that their work would go on forever. More study of these subjects was required. The adoption of a Peace Programme was strongly urged.

The recording secretary, Miss Thompson, then presented her report. She said that the preliminary work was now about accomplished, and the Homemakers' Clubs were now just ready to enter upon their real tasks. As to financing the conventions and delegates, the retiring officers of each district can estimate the amount required, and the local convention can decide how to raise it, and fix a date for the following convention. No possible date will suit everybody. Whatever entertainment is offered should be very simple, so as to leave the local women free to enjoy the convention and take their full part in it. Every effort should be concentrated on the programme. It should not contain too many concert numbers, nor should too many outside speakers be invited. Immediately after the convention call an executive meeting, and ask as many as possible to help.

This was followed by an address by Mrs. David Watt, Birtle, Man., President of the Dominion Federation of Women's Institutes. She tried to impress upon the delegates present the power they had to right wrongs, to improve community life, to accomplish whatever they thought most needed to be done for the good of the country. Study the situation, inform themselves, look at subjects from every side, think closely, discuss intelligently and decide what was the best thing to do. Women's Institutes and Clubs Federated together from Atlantic to Pacific found officials and governments ready to listen to them. If conditions are not as good as they might be, it is up to us to see that they are improved. We have votes as well as the men; we have the power, if we only exercise it wisely.

That evening was taken up by the committee work, and an informal discussion of everything in general by the rest of the delegates which wound up with a rather heated argument on the prohibition problem.

The next afternoon Mrs. E. B. Rutter, a professor of Saskatchewan University,

gave an address on "How Household Science May Supplement Home Training." Supplement—not supersede. The two things that most determine character and destiny are natural endowment and childhood training. Women control fifty per cent. of natural endowment and seventy-five per cent. of childhood training. Moreover, by taking so large a part in the teaching profession they have gained control of most of the regular education of boys and girls throughout childhood. By 17 years of age, our characters are so far set that neither ourselves nor anyone else can do much to alter them: and we have about all the natural intelligence we ever shall have. What we learn later is how to use it. In face of these facts we are startled as we realize something of the vastness of woman's mission and her responsibility to society.

How well have we succeeded so far? None know better than ourselves. The younger children in the schools, the bigger ones in high school or at work, the ideals of the younger generation of homemakers, how they have been trained to use their leisure, and in the "art of living with others"—the highest of all arts—the rate of infant mortality, of divorce, of juvenile delinquency, all give the answer.

In the old days, when the place of all women, young and old, was in the home, there were far greater opportunities for home training than now. Not only are there far fewer home industries in which to train the children now than then, but the home education is shared by the school, the church, the libraries, public playgrounds, clubs and social centres. But woman is still chiefly in control of the environment of the young, and modern methods have only increased her work and her responsibility.

There is an age-old superstition that woman—just because she is a woman—is competent to care for the sick, the infant, and the aged; and we have all thrilled to the lines:

"When pain and anguish wring the brow

A ministering angel thou," without considering who is perhaps responsible for the pain and anguish. But we have all felt the need of training for our great task of homemaking.

Cooking and sewing are but a small fraction of the needed teaching. The basic plank of all modern systems of home economics is health. Probably much of the physical discomfort suffered by individuals is due to the incorrect feeding of the family. The emphasis in food work in the public schools has been shifted. The proper preparation of food is secondary to the acquisition of correct food habits. The child must get into the habit of drinking milk, of eating greens, vegetables and cereals; and learn to like the simple foods that keep people well. So important is this, that it should be taught to boys as well as girls. A man may be considered "grown up" when he uses his brains to decide what to put into his mouth.

If we are to fit our girls for their work we must offer them a very real apprenticeship in their own homes. Very carefully graded problems must be set them by the teacher of home economics, previously worked out or discussed at school, to be solved at home under the supervision and direction of their own mothers—this careful training to be continued throughout the school years. We shall always have some prodigies who need no training, and a few colossal failures who believe themselves extraordinarily competent.

Continued on page 39



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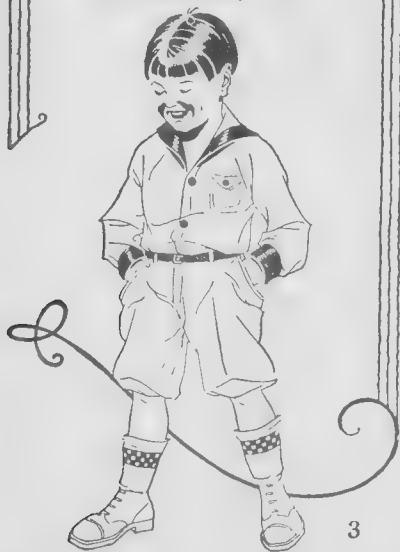
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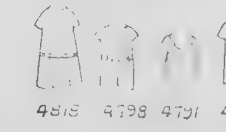
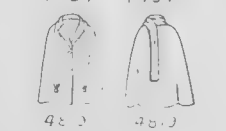
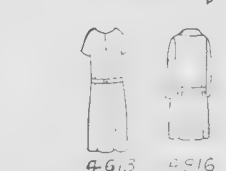
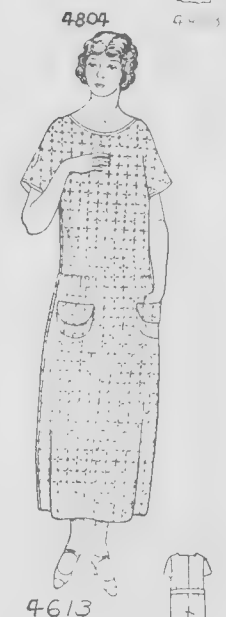
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Late Summer Style Notes

THE styles of today are artistic, sensible and comfortable. For street wear, shopping and general use, the tailored suit and coat dress are most favored. The former in its latest expression is of flannel or of silk alpaca. The same materials are appropriate for the coat dress, which may be made with centre or side closing, embellished by panels, or relieved from simple lines by vest or panel effect. Evening dresses and dance frocks feature Directoire effects, and also the fitted waist and bouffant skirt. Plain and figured taffeta is used for youthful dance and evening frocks.

Separate coats in three-quarter length are worn with one-piece dresses.

Skirts are again short as a rule and somewhat scant. For suits and sports they are in wrap-around style. In lighter fabrics one sees skirts with plaited panels or godets. Skirts entirely plaited are used for sports wear.

Linen dresses are shown with embroidered motifs in bright colors, also borders and other trimmings in attractive cross stitching.

On dresses of black or blue silk alpaca touches of color may be introduced as linings on loose panels or tiers, or as pipings.

Washable silk broadcloth in plain colors, and also in narrow and in broad stripes, is used for simple one-piece dresses. Some of these are in "slip-over" style, others have inserted panels, and others again are finished with buttons from neck to hem, on a narrow panel plait that may be edged with plaiting.

Dresses of linen and voile are trimmed with hand-drawn lines and simple embroidery. For practical wear, dresses of voile will be popular.

Combinations of black and white are in great favor. Polka dotted silks and crepes are in good style. Eyelet embroidery is again shown in lovely costumes over black or colored foundations.

In bathing suits there are many new ideas; short skirts are trimmed with flounces or tiers, and are made bright by contrasting colorful trimmings.

It is predicted that sleeves will be an important feature of the new fashions. In the latest models there is a suggestion of the little puffed sleeves of 1810 which goes well with the gathered and high-waisted styles now shown on afternoon frocks. The bishop sleeve is shown on dressy day dresses that are other than tailored styles.

Other pretty frocks show a semi-fitted, long straight sleeve, under which a full under sleeve produces a charming effect. The under sleeve may be of contrasting material, of lingerie or lace. Some of the new sleeves show wide flaring cuffs, or frills either gathered or plaited.

The bateau neck line, so youthful and popular is again found among the newest models. The deep "V" which makes the neck look slender is also in vogue.

Costume slips were never more popular. Voile is a serviceable and favorite material. It looks well and washes well. In colors these slips are seen in every shade and brilliancy, peach and honey shades leading. In slips of the lingerie type much lace is used, val and Irish lace taking the lead.

Crepe de chine, radium and triple voile are used for slips and other undergarments.

For a morning in town, a simple frock of the new broadcloth silks will be comfortable and attractive. A youthful frock may be made from powder blue French crepe. With straight lines and a closing with buttons from neck to hem, this style is chic and pleasing.

Midnight blue crepe and Lanvin red combine well together.

A black satin frock will be very attractive if made with a vest and reverse collar of white satin. Silk alpaca combines well with striped silk.

Sheer organdy in any of the new shades is pretty for a summer frock. It may be trimmed with bands of ecru lace or simply finished with tucking and a girdle of ribbon.

A dress of grey linen or batiste is attractive when embroidered in rose or coral. Black and white foulard is popular for many styles. It is pretty with pleatings in self or contrasting material.

Coat dresses of linen, heavy crepe or ratine are very suitable for street wear. Eyelet embroidery on linen is very smart.

A pretty summer evening wrap may be made of soft crepe satin and lined with crepe de chine in a contrasting shade.

A Popular Style for Stout Figures—4617. The plait fullness and "V" neck line are new and attractive style features. In black satin or blue serge this design will make a serviceable day dress. It is also good for crepe weaves or wool rep.

The pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 40-inch size requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is about 2¾ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Charming Frock for Mother's Girl—4812. Flowered silk, chintz or printed crepe would be pleasing for this model. The vestee and belt may be of contrasting material.

The pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 2½ yards of figured material and ¾ yard of plain material cut cross-wise if made as illustrated of 32 inch material.

A Pleasing Dress Style for the Little Miss—4818. Cotton repp or line would be good for this model. The collar, belt, sleeve facings and pocket flap could be of a contrasting color. Gingham, ratine and pongee are also nice for dresses of this kind.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 2¾ yards of 27-inch material.

A Smart Cape Style—4819. Velours, Teddy-bear cloth, polo cloth, chevrot and other cloakings may be used for this model. The collar is a new and popular feature.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 6-year size requires 1¾ yard of 40-inch material.

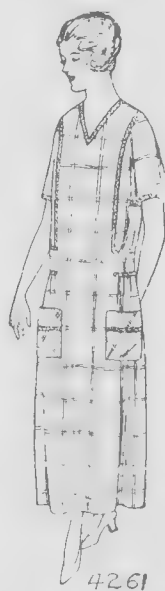
A Good Sports Costume—4792-4791. Comfort and good style are here depicted. The Bodice Skirt 4791 may be worn with any Overblouse or with a jacket or coat. The front of the bodice may be overlaid with material to form a vestee. The Blouse 4792 has smart lines, and is good for all sports material. Linen was chosen for this Costume with cire ribbon and fancy braid for trimming.

The Bodice Skirt is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. The Blouse is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make Skirt and Blouse for a 38-inch bust size will require 5½ yards of 40-inch material. For Bodice of lining or other contrasting material 32 inches wide, 1¾ yard is required. The vestee on the Blouse of contrasting material requires ¼ yard 9 inches wide. The width of the skirt with plaits extended is 2¾ yards.

TWO separate Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Undergarment—4797. This model may be developed in cambric, nainsook, crepe, silk or washable satin. The fullness at the lower edges may be gathered in knicker style, or finished with a hem in straight outline.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. To make this style for a Medium size requires 1¾ yard of 36-inch material.



A Fine Play Suit—4798. How very comfortable to play in the little suit here portrayed. One could use sateen or gingham for the overalls and crepe or poplin for the blouse. Chambray and linen could also be combined for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 32-inch material.

A Good "Kitchen Set"—4806. Rubberized gingham, or other gingham, percale, drill, muslin or sateen would be good for this cap and apron.

The Pattern is cut in one Size: Medium. It requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for Cap and Apron. The Cap alone requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

A Comfortable Frock for Home or Porch—4261. Gingham, percale, linen, drill or crepe, could be used for this. A trimming of wash or rick-rack braid, or bias binding will be a pleasing finish.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



Any pattern sent for 15c in silver or stamps. Address Pattern Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

A Pretty Draped Frock—4801. Figured foulard is here portrayed. Pippings in a plain color form a suitable finish. One could have this in crepe, pongee or in the new printed voiles now so popular.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width of the dress at the foot is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl—4813. Printed crepe is here combined with crepe de chine in a plain color. This is a very good style for other wash fabrics, also for pongee and taffeta.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of one material 32 inches wide. If made as illustrated it will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of the figured material.

Smart Sun Bonnets—4358. Very pleasing and also becoming are the models here shown. No. 1 may be made of gingham, with rick-rack edging or of cretonne with ruffles of organdy. No. 2 may be developed in drill, linen, or percale. It is pretty in colored linen with a scalloped edge in white or black, or in red and white calico, with banding of red bias tape.

The Pattern is cut in one Size. It will require for No. 1, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard, and for No. 2, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32-inch material.

A Popular "Suit" for Small Boys—4794. This is a very comfortable simple style for a practical garment. It is made with a "drop" back, which is buttoned to the waist portion. Kindergarten cloth, poplin, linen or repp, also seersucker and chambray are nice for such suits.



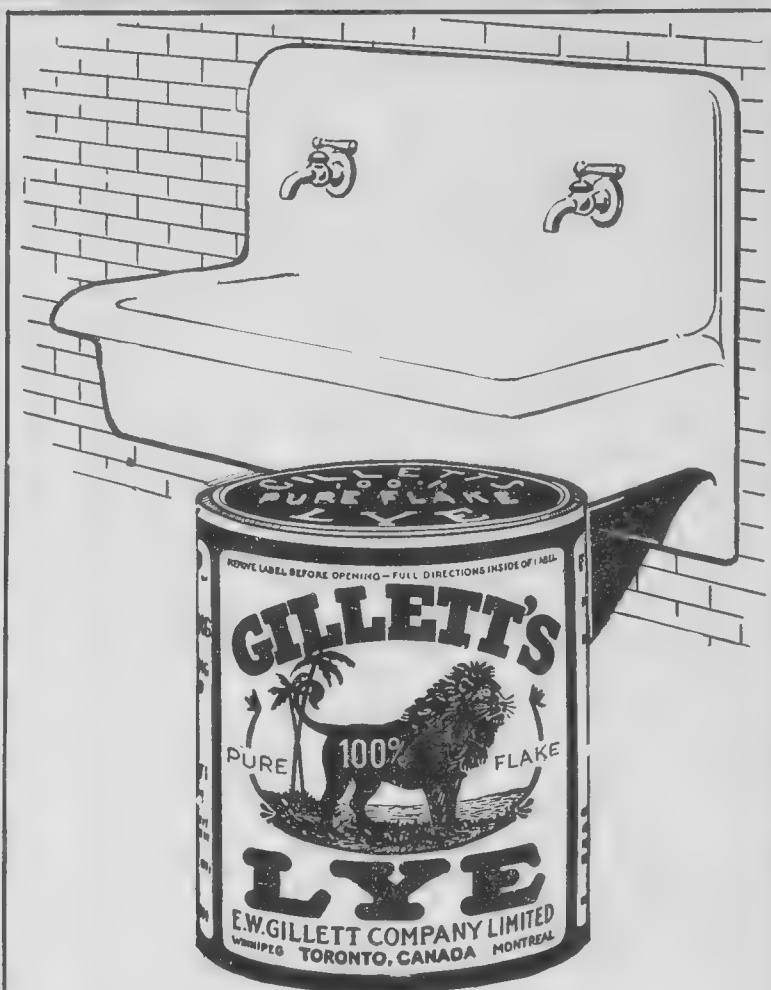
A Smart Coat Dress for the Growing Girl—4816. White linen was chosen for this model. It is also good for pongee, repp, jersey and boucle cloth, and for taffeta and chambray. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or in the comfortable short length now so popular.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material.

A Pleasing Morning Dress—4803. This is a good model for women of mature figure. The closing is effected under the panel in front. Figured percale would be nice for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 40-inch size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.



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The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
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What is the Cure?

MADAME DE GASPARIN writes that an old man once said: "When I was young, I was poor; when old, I became rich; but in each condition I found disappointment. When the faculties of enjoyment were present, I had not the means; when the means came, the faculties were gone."

What is the cure for such a state of mind as this? Youth has surely its compensations apart from wealth.

Longfellow writes:

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!

Of old age, too, Richter writes: "Like a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything appears more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end."

"A comfortable old age," says Palmer, "is the reward of a well-spent youth; therefore instead of its introducing dismal and melancholy prospects of decay, it should give us hopes of eternal youth in a better world."

The Power of Short Words

FRANCIS KINGSLEY BALL in writing of the style of Lincoln says that he has left examples of purity of speech that will be as enduring as the language in which they were written. His model was the Bible. "Our English Bible," it has been well said, "is a wonderful specimen of the strength and music of the English language." Along with the Bible, Lincoln studied Aesop's Fables, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. We are told that he read and digested these books until they were his own. "Better books he could not have found in all the universities of Europe, and we begin to understand where he got his moral vision, his precision of English style, and his shrewd humor."

These books are no less serviceable as models today than they were in Lincoln's time, and they will probably remain so for generations to come. In each of them long words are not often used and it is probable that they appeal to men because they are written in terms that are full of meaning because they are of the great family of strong Anglo-Saxon words.

In a recent book, "The Mystery of Words," by Dr. R. H. Bell, the following poem by J. A. Alexander

is reproduced as an example of the telling use of words of one syllable:

Think not that strength lies in the big, round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want or woe or fear is at the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or strange wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth
than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and
shine;
Light but not heat—a flash but not a blaze.

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts;
It serves or more than fight or storm to tell—
The roar of waves that dash the rock-ribbed
coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick beds lie,
For them that weep, for them that mourn the
dead,
For them that laugh and dance and clasp the
hand.

To joy's quick step as well as grief's low tread,
The sweet plain words we learn at first, keep time
And though the theme be sad or gay or grand,
With each, with all these may be made to chime
In thought or speech or song or prose or rhyme.

Diligence

"DILIGENCE is the mother of good fortune."—Cervantes.
"Who makes quick use of the moment, is a genius of prudence."—Lavater.

"That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence."—Shakespeare.

"What we hope ever to do with ease we may learn first to do with diligence."—Johnson.

"It is want of diligence rather than want of means that causes most failures."—Alfred Mercier.

"Prefer diligence before idleness, unless you esteem rust above brightness."—Plato.

"The expectations of life depend upon diligence; and the mechanic that would perfect his work, must first sharpen his tools."—Confucius.

"Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep."—Franklin.

Keep Your Credit

IT is somewhat of a paradox that the man who has little use for credit is the one who can command the most accommodation from his banker. It is well for a young man to keep his credit in good standing but it is better not to take advantage of credit.

Franklin says that the most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. "The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day."

The liquor laws of Western Canada make less effective the figure suggested by a young man loafing in a tavern or, as we would say, in the bar of a hotel, but a new species of loafer seems to be developing, though perhaps "developing" is too kind a word. We have in mind the gum-chewing cigarettist who frequents the soft-drink counter. Soft drinks, one might imagine, will make soft men and for such Western Canada, with all its acres, is not large enough. Obviously, they are not suited to the requirements of a land that is crying out for men of mind and muscle. To themselves they might put the poet's question:

"You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist, . . .?"

Young men who spend six nights a week at the modern substitute for the bar should not be astonished if when they apply for positions, another form of credit, they are not received with entire cordiality. Their reputations perhaps have preceded them.

Hope

For still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

Clough.



Roche de Bouille, Hazelton, B. C.

BE YOUR OWN UPHOLSTERER

Continued from page 16

Fasten the front next, drawing the goods *very tight* and always tacking first on one side of the middle tack, then on the other. With the front in place, fasten one side and then the other, drawing the goods *moderately tight*, this time, and taking every care to keep it firm and square.

When the four sides have been fastened, all fair and square, it is time to give attention to the corners. If the fabric is too bulky there, you can get rid of some of it by cutting out a V-shaped piece; but again, be careful not to trim too close! It would be too bad to get along nicely to this point and come to grief on a corner that had no chance but to fray.

Any wrinkles that appear must be drawn out at the corners and the material firmly tacked.

That done to your satisfaction, it only remains to finish off the seat neatly by tacking a row of upholsterer's braid all around the edge. Begin at one of the back corners, using the tacks that come for the purpose—they have large flat heads of brass, dark metal, leather, etc., which add a decorative touch if they are well chosen, to blend with the cover material.

Of course there are many types of chairs besides those I have dealt with here, but I think that if the method is clear thus far, you will be able to work out any slight differences that might be necessary. The great thing in amateur upholstering, after you have grasped a few fundamentals, is to exercise patience and care to keep each step up to the standard of excellence you have set for the finished article. Haphazard springs, lumpy padding, sagging webbing, will, any one of them, be sufficient to spoil the final effect. Complete each of these steps as it should be done, and you will be delighted with your final success.

How, Indeed?

Two men were waiting for a train, says the Argonaut, and one said, "I will ask you a question, and if I cannot answer my own question I will buy the tickets. Then you ask a question, and if you cannot answer your own you buy the tickets." The other readily agreed.

"Well," the first man said, "you see those rabbit holes? How do they dig those holes without leaving any dirt round them?"

"I don't know," the other admitted. "That's your question; answer it yourself."

The first man winked and replied, "They begin at the bottom and dig up."

"But," said the second man, "how do they get at the bottom to begin?"

"That's your question," was the first man's rejoinder. "You'll have to answer it yourself."

The other man bought the tickets.

MAKES AUTOS GO 40 MILES ON A GALLON OF GASOLINE

The Western Specialty Company of Sioux Falls, S.D., announces the perfection of an amazing device which is enabling car owners all over the country to more than double their mileage from each gallon of gasoline used and at the same time remove every particle of carbon from their motors. When the device is attached automobiles have made over 40 miles on a gallon of gasoline increased their power and pep tremendously and eliminated all spark plug difficulties.

This inexpensive little device is entirely automatic and self-regulating and can easily be attached by anyone in a few minutes without tapping or drilling.

The management of the company states that in order to introduce this startling new invention they are willing to send a sample at their own risk to one car owner in each town who can show it to neighbors and handle the big volume of business which will be built up wherever it is shown.

Just send your name and address to the Western Specialty Company, 708 Lacotah Bldg., Sioux Falls, S.D., and get their free sample offer.

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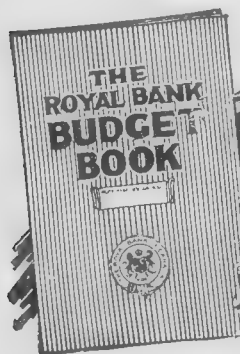
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THE Great-West Life COMPANY
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DEALING chiefly with other people's money, men give unlimited time and effort to the wise administration of business, while attention to their own affairs is often casual, and sometimes even careless.

You sell your time, efforts and abilities, from which a profit is due you. Your "overhead" is the cost of living and your savings alone represents your profit.

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S427

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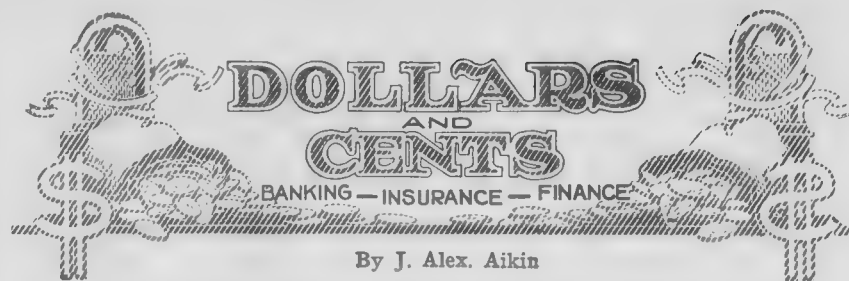
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Bank of Montreal
Established over 100 years



By J. Alex. Aikin

The Wheat Situation

MEN who know most about the world wheat market by experience and sound judgment are usually the most cautious in offering opinions, not to say advice on prospects. That attitude has been vindicated in the past five years as worthy to be emulated. And surely there is no thought on the part of the writer to forecast the future in wheat, but in clear view of what has transpired within the past six weeks in world markets there is reason to justify the hope and perhaps the faith that the wheat producers are likely to again receive a fair reward for their labors. The men who had wheat to sell received good prices from 1916 to 1922 and even in 1923 there were many who did well on wheat. And it appears probable at present that those who will have wheat to offer the market in the coming Fall will realize about all which it was planned to get by the extraordinary legislation proposed in the Congress of the United States this year, but which failed to win a majority to its support. There was a certain equity of purpose and justice in the minds of the framers of the scheme in seeking to bring wheat up to the artificial price level on which so many commodities are held by special legislation in the United States. But just as in Britain there is a deep determination to oppose any scheme which will put a tax on wheat and bread, so there is in the United States an unwillingness to place an additional burden on all consumers which they will plainly understand and which may not be evaded. To some economic observers outside the United States it did appear that all which is aimed at might have been accomplished by a sliding scale of bounties to be fixed by a Board in relation to the index of price levels worked out by a reliable and representative small court every month or shorter period as proved just. Now it looks as if the oft-rejected but long-surviving law of supply and demand will bring wheat up to the price level of real value where it certainly belongs.

Working on Close Margins

THE margin between wheat as quoted on the Winnipeg market, delivered at Fort William, and the price in Liverpool has been so close for months prior to the recent rise as to suggest to the producer and consumer that only those who are well trained and possess excellent judgment can survive in the wheat export trade. During the past two years some of the best known grain export houses in North America have suffered severe reverses. Nevertheless, the notion survives that huge profits are made out of wheat by exporters, in quarters which are cheered by the recital of extreme statements. A book was written by a Canadian writer on economics and politics within the past year in which the statement was made that Vancouver had proved its advantage over Eastern ports by being able to ship wheat from the producing base to Liverpool for 57 cents a bushel against 65 cents via the Lake ports and the East. With such transportation costs prevailing there would be very little left for the producer. Some extreme statements are occasionally reported by speakers who are creating opposition to the organized grain trade. But, as always, the best cure is for the individual to keep himself informed by the daily papers and the market reports which are faithfully recorded. The wheat pools are now accepted as an additional competitive feature in the trade, and the difference which they pay their patrons is reflected by occasional statements on quotations which vary up or down and indicate very slight advantage for or against the regular organization.

Prospects for Crop and Prices

THE United States Department of Agriculture is regarded as reliable in its reports and as very thorough in the grasp of its inquiry and information. Consequently when it is reported that the carry-over on August 1st, 1925, will be only 108 million bushels it is abundantly clear that wheat, for the coming year is surely going to be good property and not likely to be lacking in demand. The crop estimates for the ten principal reporting countries show a reduction in production for the current year of approximately 300 million bushels as compared with 1923, and the general estimate for all countries at somewhere near to 400 million bushels. On that estimate Broomhall calculates that there will be an export supply of 718 million bushels to meet an estimated demand, based upon this year's exports, of 762 million bushels.

The place which Canada holds in the world market is shown by recent returns from Ottawa which tells of Canadian exports of nearly a million bushels daily, actually over 940,000 bushels, for the ten months ending with June 30th, 1924. As evidence of the changing conditions which are afoot in Canada, it is reported that shipments out of the Port of Vancouver for the period given were 50,691,000 bushels as compared with 47,262,196 from Montreal. Of the total Canadian exports only 26 per cent. went out by Canadian ports, the balance going via U.S. ports. The advantage to the Canadian producer of having the competitive route for his product is too often overlooked in the effort to becloud the issue and interpret the facts to suit theory. Incidentally it might appear that unless Montreal gives more attention to increasing facilities by the eastern route it will have difficulty in holding the premier position of being the greatest grain export port. A smaller crop in Alberta this year will affect the comparative total available for Vancouver, but it will not be denied that Vancouver has attained to an important position in the grain export trade.

Economic Settlement of Europe

THE British Prime Minister has displayed exceptional wisdom in handling the tense situation which he inherited. Necessity compelled the people and nations to work and produce and save in order to survive. Many of the fears for destruction of civilization have been calmed by the daily toil and slow process of reconstruction which has proceeded quietly. The gradual stabilization of European politics associated with this economic movement is having its effect in the return of governments which represent the will of the people to quit fighting and seek for peace and settlement. The voice of the people as expressed in the elections of both France and Germany has effectually given strong support to the Daves scheme for settlement of reparations in order that Europe may enjoy the peace so deeply desired. This peace and industry which makes for increased demand for commodities explains in part the rising price of wheat related to the larger buying power of consumers who want better bread and more of it. The responsible statesmen have had to keep the issues of reparations and war debts separate, but a day for settlement of war debts will not be long delayed once there is genuine and permanent peace. The patient, persistent work of British statesmen during the five years since the peace was signed is now strengthened by the United States, which has become convinced that while the United States may strive to keep free from the responsibilities of world politics, yet they cannot evade the economic consequences of the war and peace.

Continued on page 33

ABRACADABRA

By Janey Canuck

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FOR many centuries this has been a magical word and was used by our forefathers as a spell whereby they might frustrate the intents of any evil spirit who might be inclined to work them harm.

It was also considered to be a most excellent specific for fever and other alarming maladies. In his "Journal of the Plague Year," Daniel Defoe relates that this word was worn by the Londoners as a charm during that direful period in order to fortify their bodies against what they described as "the black death."

According to an eminent physician and poet who wrote at the beginning of the third century, the letters of the word must be written in the form of a triangle or pyramid so that it could be read in many different ways. It was written on parchment and bark, or engraved on metal and worn suspended from the neck.

In our time, the talisman against the evils of poverty and disease is the life insurance policy. The policy is, however, a talisman that has no basis in superstition or in the calculus of probabilities, but rests upon assets, the value of which are impregnable—upon sureties that are absolutely sure.

That you may the better comprehend our meaning, this modern talisman is here set forth for your enlightenment and consideration:

A S S U R A N C E
A S S U R A N C
A S S U R A N
A S S U R A
A S S U R
A S S U
A S S
A S
A

"But what does a policy assure us?" you ask.

Among other things, it assures:

1. Support for yourself in your old age.
2. Enables you to extend your business credit.
3. To pay the mortgage off your house.
4. To provide for the education of your children.
5. To leave an estate for the maintenance of your family.

6. To provide an immediate sum to pay off your funeral and testamentary expenses, and your succession dues, should there be any.

There are other assurances which might be mentioned, such as the creating of an asset of fixed value—one which cannot shrink—but maybe these will do for a start.

It is stated that fifty per cent. of all estates at death consist of life assurance. At least half of our citizens are unable to make any other provision for their families. This is why the people of Canada have taken out policies for over two and a half billion dollars. During the year 1923, the new life assurance paid for in this Dominion totalled seven hundred and twenty million dollars.

The significance of these figures and what they mean is beyond the scope of our pen to describe. They amply demonstrate, however, the contention made by Hoffman that "Insurance is today the foremost social institution of civilized countries. . . . In the final analysis, it is a business method to make the world a better place to live in, than which no aim or purpose could be higher or more worthy."

"But why use the word 'assurance?'" ask a number of voices at this point. "Most people speak of this protection as 'insurance.'"

In speaking of it thus, they speak improperly. Insurance applies to all forms other than the life branch, which is designated as assurance and which is distinct and separate.

An old writer speaking of "assurance" as a religious experience, said it was the manna in the golden pot, the white stone, and the wine of Paradise which cheered the heart.

Used in a business way, his similies are equally applicable and show that the term "assurance," as related to this form of protection, was well and aptly chosen, and cannot possibly be improved upon. It is, in truth, the modern and altogether reliable talisman.

Emily F. Murphy.

DOLLARS AND CENTS—Continued from page 32

Provision for Bank Inspection

THE session of Parliament just closed was notable, among other things, for the attention given to the practice and systems of banking outside Canada in the effort to insure against any recurrence of bank failure or loss to depositors. The proposals for a rediscount bank and also for intermediate banks to provide rural credits were allowed to stand over. But substantial progress was made by revision of the Bank Act giving authority for the appointment of an inspector-general whose special duty it will be to inspect and examine where advisable all securities and collateral of banks to insure the value of the security held or offered. The estimates called for \$50,000 for the inspector and his staff, of which it is understood \$25,000 will be paid the Inspector-General. Next to Sir Henry Thornton, president and general manager Canadian Northern Railways, he will be the highest paid public servant in all Canada. When it is considered that the Home Bank affair was due more than anything else to the incapacity of

the men in charge of active banking operations, it will be accepted that with the new plan in use there will be a minimum of danger to banks and to depositors. It is well to keep in mind that there is no system of public inspection of banks in Great Britain, the land of the best bankers and of the centre of world financing. Efficiency is the test, not the watchful eye of the public official. However, it may be admitted that Parliament had some justification in the action taken by reason of public demand.

Three members expressed opinions in favor of permitting banks to start with smaller capital than the present legal minimum of \$500,000, one arguing for a minimum of \$50,000, which was dubbed a shoe-string bank by one of the members. The suggestion that the amount of deposits to be received by any bank should be on a percentage basis of paid-up capital was rejected summarily. It all gets back to the primary test of the banker's efficiency, related to his judgment of men and affairs and the nature and value of the security offered and taken.

A Widow~ with a Permanent Monthly Income

James Strong was a clear-headed man in his business dealings—just, honest and far-seeing.

Therefore, no one was surprised when, on his death, it became known that he was insured under a "Permanent Monthly Income Policy" of the North American Life Assurance Company.

Each month ever since her husband's death, the North American Life Assurance Company has mailed Mrs. Strong a cheque for \$150. The principal is shielded from imprudent expenditure or foolish investment and safeguarded for her comfort as long as she lives.

James Strong chose well when he decided upon a "North American Life Permanent Income Policy" as the safest and best way of providing for his wife after he had passed away.

We will be glad to furnish full information on this form of policy.

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"Solid as the Continent"

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AGENTS

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Small deposits are the seeds of success. Start with One Dollar and save regularly.

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UNION BANK OF CANADA



Thirst Quenchers

NOTHING is more refreshing on a hot day, than a well-flavored cold drink. Taken slowly in moderation, it is frequently very nourishing, and always harmless. The present-day habit of much drinking of bottled concoctions cannot be too strongly condemned. They are, to say the least, not pleasant to take till a taste for them has been acquired. Appetizing home-made beverages may be used as a means of providing necessary food materials, especially the children's "daily quart" of milk. A very ordinary drink, if sipped through a straw, is lifted out of the realm of the common place, in the estimation of the little people.

If fruit beverages are used, they are always better if there is time to allow them to stand to ripen.

Every pantry should have a bottle of plain syrup to use as a sweetener, because undissolved white sugar does not readily sweeten fruit juices. Other syrups, if kept on hand, are ready to use at a moment's notice.

White Syrup

Sugar, granulated, 2 c. Water, 1 c.

Place in a sauce-pan over the fire, stir till the sugar is dissolved, and boil 5 minutes.

Lemon Syrup

Sugar, 2 c. Lemon Juice, $\frac{2}{3}$ c. Water, 2 c.

Boil the sugar and water, add the lemon juice, and bottle it. To serve, dilute with ice water.

Chocolate Syrup

Chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Boiling water, 1 qt. Vanilla
Sugar, $\frac{3}{8}$ lb. Scalded milk

Melt the chocolate, add the sugar and hot water, and boil 10 minutes. Add the salt. Bottle. When ready to serve, add scalded milk, and cool. Vanilla and whipped cream may be added.

Fruit Vinegars

Raspberries, blackberries or currants may be used.

Fruit, 4 qts. Vinegar, 1 qt. Sugar

Put 2 quarts of berries in a large bowl, and cover them with the vinegar. Cover and let stand in a cool place for 2 days. Mash and strain through cheesecloth. Pour over 2 quarts of fresh berries, cover and let stand 2 days. Strain and put in a preserving kettle with an equal amount of sugar. Heat slowly, and skim when it begins to boil. Boil for 20 minutes, and seal in sterilized bottles. To serve, dilute with ice water.

Any small amounts of left-over fruit juices and bits of fruit may be added to fruit beverages.

Strawberry Syrup

Use half as much sugar as strawberries. Add the sugar to the fruit, boil for 15 minutes, strain, and boil the syrup for 5 minutes. Seal in sterilized bottles.

Strawberry Flip

Strawberry syrup, 4 tb. Cold milk, 2 c.

Beat well with an egg beater or use a shaker. Pour into pretty glasses. A spoonful of plain ice cream may be put on top of each serving, or a spoonful of whipped cream.

Chocolate Milk Shake

Milk, 2 c. Vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Chocolate syrup, 6 tb.

Put in a bowl and beat well with an egg beater, then pour into dainty glasses. If extra nourishment is required a well-beaten egg may be beaten with the other ingredients.

Orange Syrup

Oranges, 7 Lemons, 1 Sugar, 6 lbs.

Grate the oranges, combine the grated rind, juice and sugar, and let stand overnight. Boil and seal in sterilized bottles.

Milk Julep

Egg, 1 Syrup, 1 tb.
Milk, 1 c. Salt, a sprinkle
Vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Spray of mint leaves

Beat the egg, add the milk, syrup, salt and vanilla, and pour into a tall glass containing the sprig of washed mint leaves.

Mocha Nectar

Strong coffee, 1 c. Cocoa, 13 c.
Chipped ice

Make the cocoa with milk, combine with coffee, and serve very cold. A spoonful of whipped cream may be put on top, with a sprinkling of shaved chocolate.

Iced Coffee

Add hot milk to strong black coffee, a few drops of vanilla may be added, sweeten, and chill. Serve in glasses with a spoonful of chopped ice.

Iced Tea

Pour fresh strong tea into glasses containing cracked ice. Garnish with lemon. Syrup may be added if preferred.

Currant Punch

Currant juice, 4 c. Lemons, 6
Syrup to taste Oranges, 6
Water, 3 qts. Tea, 2 c.

Slice the oranges and lemons. Pour all the ingredients over a block of ice.

Mint Julep

Mint, 1 bunch Lemons, juice of 2
Syrup Water

Chop the mint, add 2 c. ice water and let stand overnight. Add lemon juice and mint water to 4 c. cold water, sweeten to taste, and garnish with mint leaves.

Ginger Punch

Syrup, 1 c. Lemon juice, $\frac{1}{8}$ c.
Hot strong tea, 1 c. Ginger-ale, 2 pts.
Orange juice, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Slices of orange

Combine the syrup, fruit juices and tea. When ready to serve, strain over a large block of ice in a punch bowl, add the ginger ale and slices of orange.

Unfermented Grape Juice

Grapes, 10 lbs. Sugar, 4 lbs. Water, 1 c.

Wash and pick over the grapes, put in a sauce-pan with the water, and simmer till the skins and pulp separate from the seeds. Strain through a jelly-bag, add the sugar, bring to the boiling point, and seal in sterilized bottles.

Cherry Cocktail

Orange juice, 4 tb. Cherry syrup, 4 tb.
Lemon juice, 3 tb. Chopped ice
Ginger-ale, 4 tb.

Mix the liquids well or beat them, pour over chopped ice in small glasses. This quantity is sufficient for four servings.

Rhubarb Cocktail

Rhubarb syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Ice
Lemon juice, 2 tb. Charged water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Pineapple juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

To make the rhubarb syrup, cut pink rhubarb in small pieces, cook till tender, strain, measure, and add half as much sugar, boil 2 minutes. Add the pineapple and lemon juice, and either charged or ice water.

Ginger-ale Lemonade

Lemons, 4 Ginger-ale, 1 pt.
Syrup, 1 c. Water, 6 c.

Pour over a small piece of ice in a pitcher.

Egg and Milk Shake

Syrup, any flavor, to taste
Cold milk

1 egg for each serving
Beat eggs, add other ingredients and beat thoroughly, or use a shaker.



Ingredients of Fruit Punch



Equipment for making Egg and Milk Shake

Fruit Punch I

Syrup, to taste Ice water, 6 c.
Lemons, juice of 5 Oranges, juice of 2
Grated pineapple, 1 can

Garnish with thin slices of lemon and preserved cherries. Pour over a lump of ice in a punch bowl.

Grape Juice Punch

Ice water, 3 c. Lump of ice
Bananas, 2 Pineapple, diced
Grape Juice, 6 c. Syrup to sweeten
Oranges, juice of 4 Lemons, juice of 3

Pour the fruit juices over the ice in a punch bowl, sweeten to taste, and garnish with slices of banana and diced pineapple

Fruit Punch II

Lemons, juice of 7 Grape juice, 1 c.
Oranges, juice of 3 Syrup to taste
Pineapple, 1 c. of juice Ice
Strong tea, 3 c. Prune juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Mix and chill. When ready to serve, pour over ice in a punch bowl, or add ice water to taste.

Ginger-ale Punch

Oranges sliced, 2 Lemons sliced, 1
Pineapple grated, 1 c. Grape juice, 1 c.
Syrup, 1 c. Ginger-ale, 3 pts.

Combine the fruits and syrup, and chill. When ready to serve, pour over it the chilled ginger-ale.

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**Every Day of the Year
Clark's Beans are
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Few foods are so strength-giving—and Clark's Beans are specially precious for children whose bone and muscles require up building, and for any whose work entails much physical energy.

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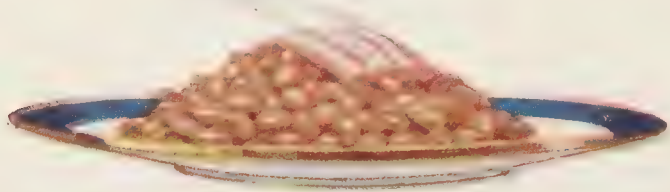
For outings Clark's Beans stand as the one item which *must* be on the list. The appetising sauce is universally relished. Your choice of Tomato, Plain or Chili Sauces.

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Less Cooking this Summer***

Many times you can serve appropriate Clark Prepared Foods—Soups, Entrees, Meats and Desserts which will save you hours of kitchen work and at little cost provide delicious meals.

Best dealers everywhere can offer you a large assortment of these ready to serve dishes which the Clark Chefs in their perfectly equipped kitchens prepare for you.

All meats used are Government inspected and the labels of all meat dishes bear the legend "Canada Approved" for your protection.



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Clark's Potted Meats
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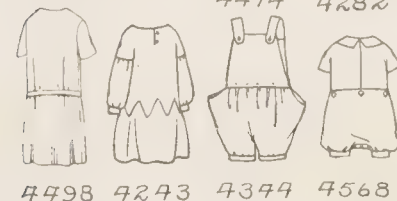
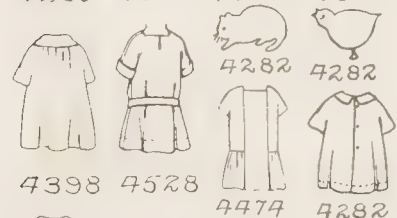


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4398. Child's Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6-year size requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material.

4282. Child's Apron Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2-year size requires 1 yard of 36-inch material.

4568. Child's Rompers. Cut in 3 sizes: 6 months, 1 and 2 years. A 6-months size requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch material.

4565. Child's Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 27-inch material.

4344. Child's Play Suit. Cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 2-year size requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard for the guimpe and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the rompers, of 36-inch material.

Patterns mailed postpaid for 15c in silver or stamps. Address Pattern Department
Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Tasty Dishes the Nurse Brought

By Betty Barclay

SOME of the tasty dishes brought to my bedside on a neat little tray one winter will never be forgotten. I was convalescing and making such a good job at it that it seemed I was ravenously hungry most of the time. The dishes brought to me by that dark-haired nurse of mine may have been meant to appease hunger but they were so delicious that they almost seemed to make me more ravenous than ever. Sometimes I suspect that they were furnished for that very reason. I had lost considerable weight and my doctor's chief order was "Eat! eat! eat!" which I did whenever possible.

I tried half a dozen of these dishes at my home later, but could not seem to get the same flavor that was contained in those tasty foods the nurse brought in. At last in desperation I sought the nurse herself and coaxed from her recipes that I would not be without for anything. They are invaluable when there is sickness in the house and we all claim that they are invaluable when everyone is well and husky. At any rate we use them just as freely then.

Here are two or three of my prized recipes, also some of the sage advice given me by my friend the nurse whose talk on calories and vitamins passed somewhat over my head but assured me that so far as these wonderful things were concerned my dishes were safely labeled.

"Most of the dishes you liked so well had oranges or lemons in them," said my nurse. "It was quite natural that you should crave those dishes, owing to your condition. Sickroom foods usually lack flavor so that the acid taste of citrus fruits makes them particularly appealing, and as they have an alkaline reaction after digestion these foods are an effective defense against the acids that accumulate in the tissues."

She said much more, but as I admitted, her words of wisdom passed over my head more than I would acknowledge to her. I do remember, however, that as she gave me the recipes I had begged, she told me that the amounts called for would make one generous portion, or two small ones. I have never been able to stretch the portions to two in my family unless one of the members was very ill indeed. In good health, my kiddies quite often register a complaint at the size of their dish when I have made one portion instead of two.

AN orange egg nog is my favorite winter drink for the children. It is hard to get them to eat eggs, but in this form they take their egg a day with relish.

Beat an egg yolk until light and add two teaspoons sugar, a few grains of salt, one-third cup milk and one-third cup orange juice. Beat the white of the egg until foamy and light but not stiff and dry. Fold in the yolk mixture, pour into a glass and serve immediately.

HERE is one of our favorite omelets. It is unusual, but delicious:

1 egg yolk, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 stiffly beaten egg white, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 2 tablespoons powdered sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter, 1 sliced orange.

Beat the egg yolk until thick and light, and add sugar, orange juice and rind. Fold in the beaten egg white. Heat an individual omelet pan and rub over with the butter. Turn in the omelet, spread evenly in the pan and cook over a low heat until set. Then put in oven for a few moments. Fold and serve at once, garnished with the sliced orange, and sprinkled with the sugar.

THIS lemon sauce was not served, of course, as it is, but it tended to give the necessary piquancy to many dishes that helped me on my way out of that hospital.

Continued on page 38

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*Babies
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28

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

Vacation days are made mighty more enjoyable when you take along plenty of good reading matter.

There is nothing like the Western Home Monthly to accompany you on your travels, and you will find it equally companionable later on when the evenings draw in and time hangs heavily on your hands.

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PURE, wholesome soap. White all through—the age-old symbol of purity. The fragrant, creamy lather of Fairy Soap is a delight to baby's tender skin. The oval cake—the handy cake—wears to a wafer without a break. And it floats!

MADE IN
CANADA

FAIRY SOAP

TASTY DISHES THE NURSE BROUGHT

Continued from page 37

One-third cup hot water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon flour, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter.

Mix the sugar and flour, add the hot water slowly, then the lemon rind and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Boil two minutes, then add lemon juice and butter. Stir until butter melts and serve on hot pudding. This may be served without rind by straining before lemon and butter are added.

EGG RECIPES

Eggs with Peas

FRY stars or other shapes of bread a golden brown and place in the oven to keep hot. Drain one can of small peas, toss them in as much flour as they will pick up. Melt one large tablespoon of butter in saucepan, toss the peas in this till they are all buttered, add one cup of water, salt and a lump of sugar, also one small onion grated. Bring the peas to a boil and let simmer a few minutes. Now beat up four eggs as if for omelet, move peas to a hot place on fire, pour in the eggs and stir briskly (wooden spoon preferred) till they just coat the spoon. Pour at once into a hot dish, garnish with the fried bread and serve at once. The main thing is not to let the eggs cook hard and lumpy, but they must be taken from the stove just as they make a nice, thick cream over the peas.

Eggs with Cheese (No. 1)

This should be cooked in a pan which can be taken to the table as it must be served very hot.

Break four fresh eggs into pan, add pepper, salt and a pinch of sugar, beat well till the eggs froth. Then add four tablespoons fresh butter and a cupful of grated cheese, set the pan on a gentle heat and stir continually (wooden spoon) till the mixture becomes a smooth cream. This must not be allowed to harden. Served with crisp potato chips this is delicious.

Eggs with Cheese (No. 2)

Allow two eggs for each person. Heat a pan of deep fat as for doughnuts. Break the eggs in, one at a time. They cook faster in fat than in water and must be removed as soon as set. Have a fireproof dish ready in which you have melted half teaspoon fresh butter and one tablespoon grated cheese for each egg, well stirred together. Place each egg carefully in dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Serve at once.

Egg Mountains

Take a deep fireproof dish and butter it. Whip very stiff four egg whites (or more). Season with salt and pepper. Pile the whites lightly in the dish, and sprinkle with good cream (a tablespoon for each egg). Slip the whole yokes in here and there, set the dish in a hot oven until the yokes are just set. Serve at once in the same dish. The whites should not brown.

A Different Omelet

Fry little cubes of bread until lightly browned, place them in a pan with a little good gravy (chicken, veal or any kind). Have just enough to make the bread tender and let the pan boil dry in the end. Beat up with a fork, add salt and pepper, then beat in the eggs. Have a buttered omelet pan ready and cook the same as ordinary omelet.

Eggs and Rice

Served with sweetened cream this makes a good pudding or served with tomato sauce it is splendid with a meat course.

Wash a cup of good rice, cover with milk, add a little lemon rind and salt. Let simmer till it has cooked to a soft thick paste. Add more milk if needed but there must be no liquid when done. Cool to lukewarm, beat in the yolks of four eggs and the stiffly beaten whites (fold these gently in). Butter a tin mould, sprinkle with fine browned crumbs, turn the rice into this, filling only half full. Bake quickly till well browned and thoroughly set (about forty-five minutes), turn out and serve at once before it falls.

If to be served as a pudding, add sugar as desired before the egg whites are added.



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Children need no persuasion to take "Kkovah." They love its fizz and sparkle. It acts as a mild laxative and as a corrective to unwise eating. A spoonful of "Kkovah" in a glass of water taken first thing in the morning will keep the children regular and healthy.

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Turns baby's Tears to Smiles

When indigestion, wind, griping pain or throbbing gums make baby fretful by day and night, a little soothing dose of Woodward's "Gripe Water" quickly stops the pain and comforts him. A sure remedy for digestive disorders at all ages and against diarrhoea in hot weather.

Free from opiates, therefore safe, even for a new-born babe. All children love it.

At all
Druggists

WOODWARD'S "Gripe Water"

KEEPS BABY WELL

Can. 16-C, M & Co. Ltd.



Annual Convention of Homemakers' Clubs of Saskatchewan

Continued from page 27

Mrs. R. J. Macdonald, then welcomed the delegates to Saskatoon on behalf of the local council, of which she is president. She also reminded them that one of the aims of their clubs was to get away from the drudgery of life by developing our own possibilities and widening our own horizon. One of the most effective ways of doing this was by keen observation and close study of our surroundings; and one of the most interesting subjects we could select for this purpose was bird life. This province, though possessed of neither sea, mountain, nor forest, was very well supplied with birds. There are over three hundred species known to scientists, with four new ones only the previous week; and she, though she knew nothing whatever of science, and had only her own eyes and a few bird-books to go by, had a list of a hundred and two. Some came here for a while in the spring on their way north, and again in the fall on their way south. Others remain here all summer, build their nests and raise their young. A few remain the year round. If it were not for the birds, the land would be given up to noxious weeds and poisonous insects. It is just as easy for the busy housewife to go about her errands to yard and garden with her eyes open as not. The time to be on the watch is early in the morning, and from 4 o'clock in the afternoon till sundown. She herself had discovered the Bohemian Waxwing, a rare Arctic bird, which had stayed all this last winter. Enlist the sharp eyes of the children, and they will be eager to call mother whenever they see or hear a new bird. She strongly advocated the formation of Junior Bird Clubs, for which the Regina government will furnish all information.

Miss H. F. Knight addressed the meeting on behalf of the Save-the-Children Fund for the refugees in Greece. These are Ottoman subjects, and have been for several generations; but are Greek in language and Christian in religion. Driven out of Asia Minor, Turkey, and Eastern Thrace, harried as they wandered, helpless, penniless, foodless, towards a place of refuge; falling by the way of starvation and by murder; they have at last got to Greece. There is no land for them there but that occupied by their own people, and they are willingly dividing their farms with them. They number one-fifth of the present population of the country—Greece's task is the re-instatement of a million and a half. With the assistance of the League of Nations she is carrying out a wonderful scheme of rapid settlement, and in her penury, has already spent \$16,000,000. But she has no resources for the task, and it has been necessary to raise a foreign loan; one of the conditions of which is that none of that money is to be spent for food. Nor are these hopeless paupers who will continue to depend on the charity of the world. The entire carpet-weaving community of Smyrna are there, and the fishermen from the Sea of Marmora. They are skilful, industrious workers; who, once started with the means to labor, will be a source of strength to the nation harboring them. Later in the season nearer the harvest, an appeal will be sent out for the farm produce from here for them, and she begged the homemakers of the province to help give publicity to that appeal. All the western nations are under a deep obligation to these people, as their present plight is the result of the failure of the promises of protection made to them.

Mrs. Cameron of Davidson spoke of the necessity of the women making a study of the work of the League of Nations in order to help create a state of mind in support of the League, without which it cannot be a real force. She outlined a course of papers on the different phases of the League's work, to be given at the fall meeting.

Mrs. Haney pointed out that there were no sources of information as to delinquency in Saskatchewan. But

Continued on page 44



King's Castle

*Cake Country's King is a jolly old thing,
The Jolliest King in Power.
He eats lots of cake, yet he ne'er has an
ache—
For it's made with Five Roses Flour!*

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BARREL HEAD IN RED AND
BLUE OR IT IS NOT FIVE ROSE
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CONTAINS 136 POUNDS THE
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POUNDS. ALSO PACKED IN
PAGES OF VARIOUS SIZES

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Cake Country**

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IT was a lovely garden. It lay calm, peaceful and secluded behind the high grey walls which surrounded it, like a green oasis 'midst the arid desert. The grey stone walls stretched away on all four sides of it like impenetrable barriers, and yet one hardly noticed that they shut the garden away, for the vines had climbed with the passing years, leaving them a vast mass of blurred green, until the garden blended with them so perfectly that it was almost impossible to tell where one merged into the other. It was rambling and quaint and odd and very restful, the smooth lawns like so much green velvet broken by splashes of rainbow color, which marked the abode of the flowers. Here and there a splashing fountain sent up its stream of water like molten silver in the golden sunlight, and in the centre of a flight of glossy terraces, with carven stone steps descending to its edge from four sides, there lay a placid pool, a magic mirror of light and color.

There was no sound to break the peaceful solitude which seemed to surround the garden like a veil, except the soft drone of the bees, and the sleepy calls of the birds from their nests among the branches of the high arched trees. Yet there was something vaguely lacking. In all its perfection, no tiny feet ever romped over its smooth lawns; no small hands toyed with the fountain streams. The flowers bloomed on—faded and died. They were never plucked. The little pool slept away its peaceful days, a beautiful mirror, nothing more. What a wonderful place it would have been for a small boy to sail a boat? While the bird calls were beautiful, yet there was missing the loveliest music of all, the laughter of a little child. Yes, it was a lovely garden, but it was like a rose with no perfume, vapid and unsatisfying, for if there ever is a place in the world made for children, it is a garden, and a garden without them is unsatisfying and unreal.

Why were there no children in this garden, you ask. The tall grey stone building in the centre of the grounds is answer enough. There are no children in a monastery garden. So the garden slept away its peaceful days, a perfect picture, nothing more, a perfect picture without a soul.

Perhaps it seemed so to the tall dignified man who wended his way slowly along its paths, for his eyes were filled with discontent. He walked slowly, his eyes bent upon the ground. In the course of time he reached his favorite retreat, a wide seat of carven marble in a far corner of the garden. It was known to the other monks as the Bishop's corner, from his singular fondness for the place. The marble seat and the rose vine which clambered over it he had placed in the garden, to the wonderment of the other monks, but then he was peculiar in his habits anyway, and none questioned, and soon they were as much of the garden as the stone wall surrounding it. The seat was a strange one, especially for a monastery garden, composed of white marble beautifully carved—upon its broad back, cunningly wrought, a scene from the tragic love story of Dante and Bertha. Clambering over it in graceful clusters, partially hiding the decoration, was a rose vine, which bore beautiful roses of a glowing pink.

The man seated himself upon the bench, a calm quiet figure in his monk's habit of grey, in perfect keeping with his surroundings. His face was sharply silhouetted against the glowing aftermath of the western sky; a cynical face, cold and forbidding as a statue in bronze. In a vague, subtle way, he and the garden were alike; both seemed cheated by life, both mere shells with out a soul.

IT had not always been so. Once his white hair had been the color of spun gold, and his eyes had been laughing pools of sapphire light instead of the hard grey color they were now, and his smile had been famous through many shires. He smiled no more, and his mouth had a cynical twist. In those days, the days of the golden hair, laughing eyes and the smile, he was Count Eugene of Harcourt, the most popular of the young nobility. Fortune smiled upon

him; he was her special favorite, graceful of manner, fair of face, the possessor of beautiful castles and fair estates, a favorite of the court, dashing, debonair, a famed swordsman, his blade being known and respected as far as France. He was the darling of the Fates.

Then in the full bloom of his young manhood did he cast his eye upon Constance, daughter of the Duke of Sussex, and in due time their betrothal was announced. There was great rejoicing, for though he was a standing favorite, in every way was this fair lady his equal, and a lovelier pair one rarely set eyes upon.

Then one night in June, when the world was mad with summer and the night throbbed with a million voices, he made his way to the Duke's garden, spangled with moonlight, and seeped in the perfume of the lovely pink roses which were her favorite flower. He came laughing, this the night of the fulfillment of all his dreams, his greatest desire granted him. The fates had refused him nothing, and they were about to bestow upon him their crowning gift. He came laughing, the moonlight in his golden curls, casting lights of fire in his sea-blue eyes, and turning the rich ivory satin and lace of his attire to molten silver shot with gold. It was his wedding night.

Hours later he came away from the Duke's garden, the smile stamped forever from his young face, the light blotted from his blue eyes, which had grown strangely hard. He had aged years in the last hours. He looked strangely old now as he passed from the grounds, for the young soul of him had died, leaving only a hard disillusioned shell of a man in the place of his glowing youth. Fortune had denied him nothing, and so he was unprepared for the blow that struck him full in the heart, when he learned that upon their very wedding night the lady Constance had fled from her father's house while the festivities of her marriage were already beginning, to give herself in marriage to a penniless young musician, not having the courage to remain and tell him that he was not the man she loved.

In the days that followed his golden curls changed to silver, and heartsick he wandered among his gardens. One evening at sunset the soft tolling of the angelus gave him an idea, and almost immediately after this, to the astonishment of his friends, he entered the monastery of Aragon. The affair with its tragic ending was discussed for weeks, but gradually the young gallant's name was mentioned less and less, and all but forgotten.

THE passing years within the monastery walls brought him in a measure the peace he sought, and changed him into the hard, bitter man he was now, unloving and unloved. For that something that had gone out of him on that long-ago night in June, had never been reborn. He had advanced during the passing years from one office to another, for he was studious and faithful to his duties, until at last he had been made Bishop of Aragon, but recently. He did not care very much one way or another, and in fact he was somewhat loath to move from his simple cell in the monastery to the awe-inspiring grandeur of the Bishop's palace, the grounds of which adjoined those of the monastery garden. He executed the duties of his office faithfully, as he had done those of the preceding ones, living alone with the exception of his many servants. He ignored the social side of his office entirely, rarely entertained unless courtesy demanded, and had no friends even among his own kind. Most of his spare time was spent in his favorite corner of the garden, the marble bench surplanted from his own estate, the rose vine from the Duke's garden. This much sentiment he allowed himself, and he came nearer to finding peace in this secluded nook than anywhere, even within the monastery itself.

After he had moved into the imposing mass of grey stone which was the Bishop's palace, he had had an opening made in the grey stone wall, that he might have easy access to this particular spot at any time.

It was here that he came to decide all the difficult problems which culminated in his office. It was for this reason that he had come here now. For long minutes he sat looking off into the primrose aftermath in the west, then he slowly drew a pompous looking document from one of his wide sleeves and read it slowly, with a puzzled frown. He had already read it many times without being able to arrive at any conclusion, but necessity demanded that he decide the matter soon. It was an imposing document from Rome, offering him a Cardinal's robes in that city. It was a coveted place, a position of great honor; yet he sighed. He cared little either way. The difference between the grey robes of the Bishop and the scarlet one of the Cardinal, with the corresponding honor and pomp, and the envied place in the Vatican, meant little to him. He sighed wearily. The added importance of the position would mean added duties; a certain amount of social life which he would not be able to evade as he did now. He frowned impatiently. He must come to some decision. He might as well accept; it made little difference. He picked up the document, and, gathering his robes about him, he prepared to return to the palace, that he might send his acceptance to the Pope at once.

BUT at that moment the fates took up again the course of his life, in the shape of a small lad standing regarding him wistfully from the entrance which he had had cut through the wall that separated his estate from the monastery garden.

He was a very small lad indeed, not more than six at most. The Bishop took him all in at a glance, the tumbled brown curls, the blue, blue eyes of him soft with dreams, yet strangely wistful, the aristocratic little nose dappled with golden freckles, the rosebud mouth, the supple little body in its rough leather tunic and shabby high top boots. He was an appealing little figure. His rough clothing did not seem to fit with his aristocratic little face. He should have been dressed in only the richest of silks and velvet and the finest of laces.

As the Bishop continued to regard him gravely his lips curved in an elfin smile. The Bishop did not smile in return; he had forgotten how. Besides, he was puzzled; the boy seemed strangely familiar and yet he knew he had never seen him before. Those eyes; he had thought he would never see another pair like them; Constance's eyes looking at him out of a little lad's face. For this reason, perhaps, he was kinder than was his wont to those who disturbed his solitude.

"What are you doing in these gardens, lad?" he asked, not unkindly.

The boy came nearer, his great blue eyes fastened upon the stern face of the Bishop.

"I was looking for some roses for my mother," he said in his soft, childish voice, his courteous manner telling the Bishop that which he had already suspected; that he was gentle bred, though of poor parents, "roses like she used to have in her own garden a long time ago."

"What kind of roses were they?" the Bishop asked, more to keep the lad interested than for want of information.

"Just like those," the child pointed with dimpled finger to the pink roses clambering over the bench upon which the man was seated.

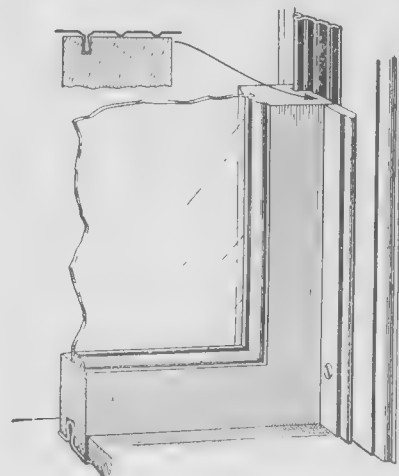
Suddenly the Bishop of Aragon sat very straight. Into his cold eyes there crept a strange light that made them almost pleasant.

"Tell me about your mother, lad," he said quietly.

The lad was evidently upon a favorite subject, and he had a most interested listener. He talked on and on in his quaint childish way, seated upon the marble bench beside the Bishop. The time passed unheeded by them both. His father had died when he was very young; he did not remember him; but his mother—ah, it was plain that she was his idol. Long before he had finished, the Bishop knew him to be Constance's

Continued on page 45

Home Comfort Logic



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The Home Garden.

By Allan Campbell

Fruit and Vegetable Notes

THE spraying of currants with Bordeaux mixture to prevent diseases of the leaves, which appear in late summer, should be done before the foliage is injured. The early dropping of leaves from currants, on account of disease, lessens the yield for the following year. Celery should be kept well sprayed with Bordeaux mixture until it is dry, to insure it against disease, and the tops of potatoes also must be protected with it to the end of the growing season, to prevent late blight.

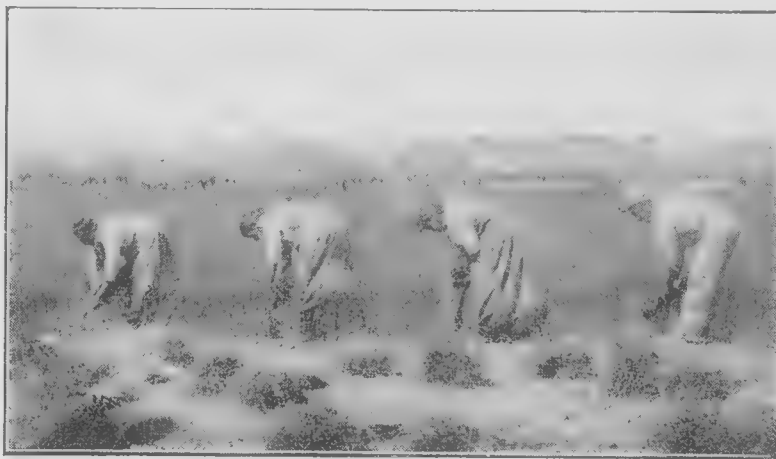
Home-grown seed is usually very satisfactory, and an endeavor should be made to save the best kind of each vegetable for seed. To ensure having seed that will germinate well the next season, it is important to clean and dry the seed as soon as possible, and keep it dry until spring. Beans, peas, and corn will soon lose their germinating power if they are damp. If cabbage begin to burst, and it is not yet time to pull them, it is desirable to twist the plants, so as to loosen them in the ground, thus checking the development of the cabbage. Once the cooler and moister weather of early autumn comes there will be little ripening of onions, hence they should be pulled and cured while the days are hot enough. While squash and pumpkins will keep for a time in the outhouse or cellar while the weather is comparatively warm, they should, on the approach of

Pruning of tomatoes and vine crops, such as melons, pumpkins and cucumbers is an advantage in securing large, well-developed and early fruits. All these fruits should be cut from the plants promptly upon maturing so that splitting and deterioration may not take place, and in order that the plants may give their full resources to developing the remainder of their fruits. Thinning of young fruits and blossoms is helpful to the remaining fruits.

Harvesting of perennial vegetables, such as asparagus and rhubarb, is best discontinued early in the season, in order that only the finest product be used, and that the plants have a fair chance to store up reserve food in their roots for the next season. These plants will make good use of liberal applications of fertilizers. Frequently the rhubarb patch is impoverished by heavy pulling after July 1st. As the weather is often hot and dry at this period, the plants have need of many leaves for the assimilation of food. A mulch of lawn clippings or of manure might prove of considerable benefit during the hot weather period.

Preserve the Low Priced Egg

WITH egg production at its summer rate of output and the price practically at the minimum figure, the thrifty folks turn to the best means of preserving eggs in order to be better equipped to fight the



Pulling Flax

winter be put in a warm room where the temperature will be 50 degrees F. or above, when they will keep much longer than if they were near freezing. If one has some cauliflower heads that are only partly developed, it is a good plan to dig the plants before they are injured by frost and heel them in in the cellar, when one may have good cauliflowers for some time.

The many diversions of summer are accountable to some extent to a falling off in the care of the garden crops. Thinning of vegetable plants is essential for quality crops. Where plants are overcrowded and have much competition for food, moisture and sunlight, normal development cannot take place, and crisp, tender vegetables will not result. Cultivation should be frequent. Surface soil should be stirred every few days and shortly after a fall of rain.

Watering is best done in the evening, but cultivation should take place the next day if the weather is warm and dry. When artificial watering is carried out in the evening, the water may be turned on to the plants as well as saturating the soil; this tends to refresh them. As watering and heavy rains firm the soil it is desirable to use the cultivator a few hours afterwards so that good physical condition shall be maintained.

Unfortunately still high cost of living, especially when the winter descends upon us in a more or less severe mood.

In carrying on the preservation of eggs it is just as well to leave the experimental efforts to experimenters and confine our efforts to following the path of those who have found the best method after exhaustive trials of many different preparations.

In the first place, be sure of the eggs purchased for the purpose of storing and see that they are perfectly fresh and infertile. Then when the eggs are in the solution, see that they are kept completely immersed in same.

Lime water has been found to be an excellent preparation and one pound is sufficient to saturate seven gallons of water, though possibly a little more would be advantageous as some lime contains impurities. If good, freshly burnt quick-lime can be obtained, one pound to five gallons of water would suffice. The method of preparation is simply to slake the lime with a small quantity of water, then stir the milk of lime so formed into five gallons of water. After the mixture has been kept well stirred for a few hours it is allowed to settle. The saturated lime

Continued on page 45



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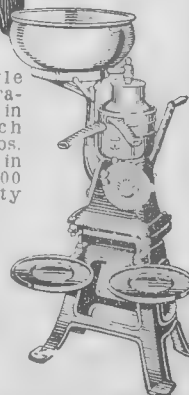
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THE GROWTH OF RADIO

By W. B. Cartmel, B.S., M.A., M.E.I.C. The Northern Electric Company Limited, Montreal

THE way in which radio has been forging ahead indicates that it will soon be very firmly established in our daily lives, and this makes it desirable that something should be written for the special benefit of those who have heretofore taken but little interest in this subject. While the present series of articles has chiefly this object in view, nevertheless, on account of the introduction of up-to-date topics into the articles it is hoped that they will prove of general interest.

Radio is a development from wireless telegraphy which has been of great practical use during the last twenty years, especially for transatlantic telegraphy and for communication between ships. Men were not satisfied, however, with communicating with one another by means of dot-and-dash signals, and experiments have been in progress for more than 17 years with the object of making wireless telephony possible. One of the larger electrical companies has had an army of engineers working on these experiments for over 12 years, and immense sums of money have been spent in working out these problems, with the result that wireless telephony, or radio, as it is now called, has been brought to a very high state of perfection. This has led to radio telephone broadcasting, which began over 3 years ago and permitted those who already had radio sets to pick up interesting programmes, lectures, etc., and radio caught on at once. To understand why a large audience was found immediately who were able to receive broadcasting, it should be explained that there were even at that time many amateurs who owned both receiving and transmitting sets and who, fascinated by the marvels of wireless telegraphy, were interested in communicating with one another by the dot-and-dash signals of the morse code. As soon as the broadcasting of programmes was established these amateurs were provided with something interesting to listen to and sets were purchased very widely. Once begun, this wonderful innovation that has come into our daily lives has spread all over the world, the greatest development taking place in North America. There has been a remarkable growth of radio in England and on the continent of Europe, but since everything there is under strict supervision, radio has not made as much progress as it has on this side of the Atlantic. Nevertheless, there are eight large broadcasting stations in Great Britain, and it is quite common for people there to listen to concerts from many different parts of their own country, and also to programmes from Paris and Berlin. Having more freedom on this side of the Atlantic and much greater readiness to adopt new ideas, the growth of radio over here has been even more noticeable than in Europe.

It would be very difficult to say exactly how many receiving sets there are in use at the present time, but the number of sets in Canada is estimated at anywhere from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand sets. Broadcasting stations have been established in all of the large cities of North America, there being 560 stations in the United States and over 40 in Canada. In Montreal there are at present three large broadcasting stations that transmit regularly and there are at least as many in Toronto, a new one having recently been established there by the Canadian National Railways, who also have a station at Ottawa, and who have recently installed a new broadcasting station at Moncton, N.B.

Usefulness of Radio as it Exists at Present

IN regard to the present usefulness of radio, it is of great use in providing entertainments from distant broadcast-

places. Entertainments of this kind are received regularly on moving trains. One may get the election returns by radio, or the latest results of hockey matches and so forth; radio sets have been installed in hospitals to give comfort to the patients. One of the greatest comforts to those who are confined in their beds in hospitals or at home is the broadcast reception of religious services—perhaps to hear a sermon in this way, delivered direct from the lips of some beloved divine. Only those who have listened-in on a good broadcasting station have any idea how much more natural a voice sounds by radio than over the telephone.

On the more practical side, one of the greatest fields of usefulness is evidently the broadcasting of weather reports, stock reports and market returns. One of the most striking advantages of the value of market reports is the case of an Indian in the far north who refuses to sell his skins until he consults his radio set or "spirit in the box," as he calls it, in order to find out the latest market prices. A particularly obvious instance of their usefulness is where a farmer is equally distant from two large cities. One of these cities may be glutted with the produce that he has for sale while in the other there may be an urgent demand for it. Obviously market reports by radio would tell him where to send his produce to get the highest price, and it would be quite possible for him to save the price of his radio set on a single shipment.

Possibilities of Radio

RADIO offers many interesting possibilities, in fact those of its accomplishments that are best known are so wonderful as to be almost incredible. We simply run a short piece of wire, say from 50 to 150 feet long, above the house or to a nearby tree and attach it to a radio set and on a good night we are able to pick up twenty or more concerts from stations a thousand miles or more away. Once we realize that this can be done we are prepared to admit the possibilities of a great many other things which are equally true but more difficult to understand. Radio has been used as a link for connecting wire telephone lines. For instance, there is a radio link between Catalina Island, off the coast of California, and the mainland, two-way conversation being carried on between a subscriber on Catalina Island and a subscriber on the mainland just as if an ordinary wire telephone line joined these two places. Communication from the telephone set in your own house to a ship in mid-ocean is quite possible at the present time; also two-way telephone conversation from your own set over a wire line to the sea shore and by radio across the Atlantic to a subscriber in London. Methods of doing this are completely developed, and such service will be offered by the telephone companies when they feel that there is sufficient demand to pay for it. Some people are looking forward to a time when broadcasting equipment will be used in connection with religious services not only in sparsely settled communities, but also in order that very able preachers may reach large congregations over large areas in more thickly populated districts. Many other interesting possibilities will come to the front in the near future, one of which is the transmission of pictures by radio. It is possible at the present time to receive half-tone pictures by radio that are as perfect or even more perfect than any that appear in the best magazines. Radio offers such immense possibilities that it is impossible to foretell what the future will bring forth.

MUSIC AND THE HOME



Three Simple Classifications for Composers

IT would seem, on the surface, a very difficult task to classify the best known composers of music according to rank, ability and quality of their works. For each individual has his or her pet opinions in this matter, and where one person would categorize a certain composer in the highest grade, another comes along and places that same composer in a lower classification. It depends, you say, solely on the viewpoint of the one doing the classifying. That seems good reasoning.

But a writer who has made a special study of the lines and works of the great composers, claims that the task is not so difficult as it appears. "Indeed it may be reduced," he says, "to a few very simple principles.

"In any of the arts, music included," he reasons, "these men are greatest, not who amass the largest fortunes, or make for themselves the biggest 'names' among their contemporaries; but those who contribute the greatest number of important ideas, both to the art of music and to those who absorb it, and who, in the long run, influence, for knowledge or for sensibility, the greatest number of human individuals.

"Roughly speaking, the great modern composers, that is, men who have lived within the last three hundred years or so, can be divided into three general classes. The first includes men who have influenced the whole art of music, who have spoken, not in the terms of race or of people, but in the language of 'all humanity.' These men are always innovators, they are almost always rejected and misunderstood, at first, by those around them, and they are almost always vilified and attacked by men of inferior rank. But they expand the mere scientific structure of music to new forms of beauty (always new) which lesser men vainly strive to follow. They may be influenced by earlier men, but they always absorb everything these have to teach, and they in no wise follow or imitate. They sum up, each for his time, what may be termed the whole human experience of the time, so far as experience is expressible in their own peculiar art.

"The second rank includes composers of less 'universal' power, and hence of less 'universal appeal.' They are always, however, men of original stamp—so original that they set up 'schools' of imitators and followers. But their styles and modes of expression, oftentimes simpler, are always easier to imitate and mannerize than those of the few great 'world-masters.' Like these, they frequently, almost usually, suffer during life from lack of general recognition. They are almost never bound by racial or national limitations; their place in the world of music is usually bitterly fought and debated, but they always find followers who place them beyond all other masters.

"Composers of the third class are national or racial in expression. Each sums up, and frequently by absorbing its folk-song, the experience of his own people, but, really, no more. Each is credited with deep and at times startling originality, when in pure fact he is only using a musical language not familiar to the world outside his own people.

"Below this class, which includes, necessarily, a number of partially imitative composers, may be grouped, without special rating, all composers of imitative or inferior powers. The higher order of these always exhibit in strong degree the influence of the great masters, though they cannot in all cases be strictly called followers. The lower orders include all 'popular' composers, whose work is in great part cleverly imitative. These men are not fundamentally creative, frequently taking the ideas of greater men, as a rule unknown to the mass of humanity, and by originalities of details, adapting them to their own uses. Or, even more frequently, they may compose in perfect sincerity of spirit, not knowing that what seems to them fresh

and original is really old and outworn among those who know the structure of music.

"The following is a partial list of the great known composers of the Western world since the time of Bach. Like all such lists, it is susceptible of attack; but it will be found to sum up the generally received opinion of composers themselves, confirmed by the experience of time. No living composers' names are included.

"Composers of the highest rank include, in the order of their lives, Johann Sebastian Bach, Ludwig Van Beethoven and Richard Wagner.

"Composers of the next rank include (not in strict order): Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and possibly Brahms and Gluck.

"Composers of the next, or national, rank, include, broadly:

"Italian: Rossini, Verdi, Donizetti.

"German or Germanic: Weber, and composers like Spohr, Marschner, Bruch, Nicolai, Bruckner, Mahler, Rheinberger, Humperdinck.

"Scandinavian: Greig, possibly Gade.

"Russian: Glinka, Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodine, Cui, Rubinstein (under German influence), and some others.

"Hungarian: Liszt.

"Bohemian: Smetana, Dvorak.

"France: Lully, Rameau, Spontini, Berlioz, Gounod, Franck (Belgian), Saint-Saens, Debussy.

"If you retain in your mind this sequence of composers, you will be possessed of a fairly good scale showing the relative position of the world's outstanding composers."

Dry Summer

Oh, Summer, why came ye afflicting
Your tresses, dry, dusty, and brown,
O'er meadows that burn neath your
footsteps
And flowers that droop from your gown.

Your kisses too warm and too arid
From lips that are parched, burned and
dry,
Call forth from the birds no new love
songs;
They pant in the branches near-by.

The winds like a waltz should be swinging
With your step over woodland and hill,
But they like the cattle are drowsy
And even the crickets are still.

Oh, Summer, have you no sweet showers
To pelt like the fairies at play,
Who scatter the dew on the blossoms,
Too dusty your path is to-day.

—Lereine Ballantyne

The Thrifty One

"I felt so badly yesterday,"
Declared the little bride,
"I felt so badly yesterday,
I sat me down and cried."

"A friend down at the office
Had given John a squash;
I peeled it round and round and round,
And cut it up, but losh!

'Twas full of little cobwebs!
And hollow at the core!
I had to lift it carefully
And throw it out the door."

"I felt so badly yesterday,
Oh, dear!" she sighed once more,
"I felt so badly yesterday
I hid me to the store."

"I brought me home another,
To cook it I was fain—
'Twas empty like the other!
I cast it in the lane.

To raise a hollow squash,
And sell it, is a sin!
How can a house-wife thrifty be
When she's so taken in?"

"To think that anybody
Is so imposed upon!
Ah me! Alas! Alack!
I'll certainly tell John!"

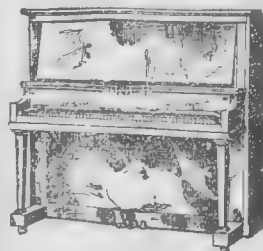
—Clara Hopper

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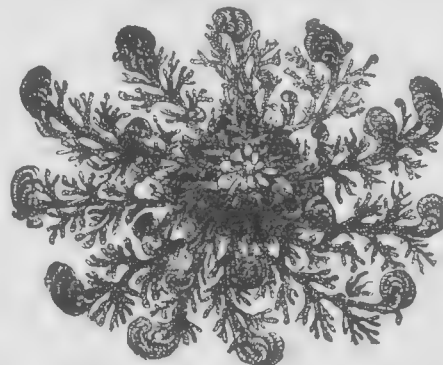
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Annual Convention of Homemakers' Clubs of Saskatchewan

Continued on page 39

from the Juvenile Courts in Eastern Canada and some of the States we find that only a very small proportion of the delinquents were feeble minded. There are three classes of the feeble minded the first, idiots, are incapable of being taught, and must always be taken care of; the second class can be developed up to the intellectual standard of a normal child of five; the third, morose, may reach the standard of a child of twelve, and can support themselves in some manual craft, but will always require oversight and guardianship. As the “feeble minded are found especially prolific, studies of degenerate families in the United States and Europe have given startling evidence of the menace these have become,” said Mrs. Haney. “We would not permit feeble-minded emigrants to enter our country. We should go further, and refuse to let them enter in times to come.”

The report of the convenor of the standing committee on Arts and Crafts created great interest. The committee is less than a year old, 19 clubs in 4 districts have taken up the subject. Their aim is to revive Arts and Crafts that are in danger of being lost. They have held exhibitions and demonstrations, given out materials, paid the workers, and sold the work. Already 135 persons have produced 15 different kinds of handicraft. Mrs. Morton showed some of the exquisite embroideries and cross-stitch of the Doukobours and Ukrainians, some of them on linen of their own spinning and weaving. Some of them are independent of patterns, working direct from the flowers they gather.

Mr. Marshall, Field Secretary of the Red Cross Society, made a strong appeal to the Homemakers for support. He also paid a warm tribute to the doctors of the province who have given their services to the Society's work of bringing happiness to over 1,400 children. Of the \$85,000 spent on the children, only \$800 went to the doctors. He also spoke of the home nursing classes of which 300 are now in operation, and more will be provided on application.

Mr. Percy E. Reed, Saskatchewan Dairy Commissioner, said that the dairy herd is the surest year-round source of income on our farms, and its improvement the greatest advantage our farmers can have. This can be accomplished, first by the use of good sires, and secondly, by regular testing and weeding out. The grading of cream has much improved the quality of the butter, and incidentally has resulted in the farmers getting a higher price for their cream. On account of the great distances the cream must travel, and the length of time that must necessarily elapse between milking and churning, keeping qualities are the most important thing here.

Prof. Kerr, of the Manitoba College, Winnipeg, gave an address on Child Psychology, which was at once humorous and very thought-inspiring.

Community singing and very fine solo music, both vocal and instrumental, were used to break the monotony of the 4 days' addresses and discussions.

Till We Meet

Just beyond those brown boughs the robin's young are hiding.

Above my eyes;

Just beyond that cloud-rack the joyous sun is rising

In glad surprise;

Beyond the tangled ways of life, the road runs smooth and plain

While each hour of absence nearer brings the day we meet again.

Weep not thro' the dark night, bright stars above keep smiling

Tidings of peace;

Grieve not as your loved ones across the deep go gliding—

There, sorrows cease;

Above, is love and joy and life, here, partings, sorrow, pain.

But each hour of waiting closer brings the day we meet again.

—Ella A. Whitmore, M.A.

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IN A MONASTERY GARDEN—Continued from page 40

son. He might have guessed as much before, he told himself. Who else ever had such eyes. So the two sat, and slowly and surely the little lad began to wind himself around the Bishop's heart. He stood at last upon the bench, a quaint, dignified little figure, watching the other pluck an abundance of glowing pink bloom from the rose vine, with hands that trembled. At last, as he stood ready to go, his arms filled with glowing bloom, the Bishop reached out to lift him down, and suddenly he flung two dimpled arms about the Bishop's neck, putting his warm childish lips for a moment against the other's cold ones. A lump contracted in the man's throat and his eyes misted with tears. He was unable to say anything, but only lifted the child high in his arms to hold him, a warm sweet burden, against his heart. At last he turned through the small gateway into his own grounds and down the far paths to his entrance gate. He held him tightly for a moment before releasing him, then set him down gently, saying in a voice his closest associates would never have recognized: "You must come again, laddie."

"Of course I'll come again," the child answered, "I like you next best to my mother of anybody in the world."

Again came that stifling feeling in his throat; something had loosed within him, something that had been frozen all these years. He pushed open the heavy iron gates to let the small figure pass through and as the child turned to wave a good-bye from the other side of the gate, he waved and smiled in return. It was a crooked smile, not at all like the smile famed through many shires, but it was a smile, the first in years. He turned and paced slowly along the paths to the palace. There was a curious warmth about his heart which somehow or other managed to transfer itself to his face. So the lad was her son and his name was Eugene. He smiled again to himself as he mounted the steps. The smile had not quite worn off when he entered the palace, and the servants began to wonder if maybe he were human after all.

He retired at once to his study and closed the door. He had suddenly be-thought himself of the missive from Rome. He seated himself at the elaborate carved table and pulled parchment and quill toward him. For long minutes there was no sound in the room save the swift scratching of a quill over the glazed surface of the parchment. Having finished at last, he bound and sealed it with his ring. He had not written what he intended. A small, blue-eyed lad with brown curls had somehow managed to get a firm hold upon his heart strings, and he had written a courteous but definite refusal of the office. Having come to this decision, he retired and slept without waking, an unusual thing for him, till long past dawn, and upon awakening he experienced the feeling that he had not had in many years, the feeling of sheer gladness at being alive.

THE child came often to the garden that summer, almost every day he was there, spending long hours in the Bishop's company. The love between the two was a beautiful thing. There was a change in the Bishop of Aragon; he was no longer the same man. The hard bitter look was fast leaving his face; his eyes were no longer cold, and very, very often he smiled, not the old famous smile, but a smile which is certainly infinitely better than no smile at all. His associates noticed the change in him; they were beginning to realize that he was only human after all, and, without realizing it, he had begun to make friends. The garden, too, seemed changed in a subtle way. It no longer seemed merely a painted picture; somehow there was an air about it of young life, for little feet raced over its paths, plucked its flowers, and played in its fountains. The little pool was no longer merely a lovely mirror. Its reflections were broken by brave little barks sailed by a manly brown-curved, blue-eyed sailor, and a laughing-eyed Bishop. The two had many happy times that summer. There was the time when the lad had dinner at the Bishop's palace, sitting at the great table in the high-ceilinged dining room, almost lost in the massive chair, his laughter

ringing out like the chime of bells. Somehow the palace was not the same after that to the Bishop. It was filled with life and sunshine and gladness, just because the lad had been in it. It was then that he realized that he wanted the lad always with him for his very own. This he knew could not be, and the stern, cold look came again to his face. Once more it would seem that his heart's desire was to be denied him.

It was at this time that the duties of his office took him on a mission to Rome. He was almost glad to go, things had become unbearable. He was content when the lad was with him, but each parting wrung his heart more than the preceding one. He wanted the lad for his very own—his heart longed for something that was all his. All the passion and desire that had been denied him in his tragic love he centred in the lad. So he went. The child clung to him piteously in parting, and begged to be taken along. It was the one bright spot in his darkness, that the boy cared.

Once in Rome, he threw himself energetically into his duties. He was detained by one thing and another until it was late winter when he returned home. The gardens slept beneath a pall of snow, and he knew he could not expect the lad. He set himself to wait for the spring, telling himself that the child would come with the first warm days. But a strange foreboding filled his heart. His spare time hung heavily upon him, and he reverted in part to his stern cold self he had been before the coming of little Eugene.

SPRING was late, and to the watching eyes of the Bishop it seemed that it would never come. But come it did at last, like the playing of a great orchestra, first the faint flute notes, only half audible, then breaking into the full symphony of glad triumph. The symphony was at its height one evening when the Bishop passed through the gate that led from his own grounds to his favorite retreat within the monastery garden. He was sure the lad would come tonight, he had waited in half expectancy for several preceding evenings, but tonight he was sure. He came through the gate smiling, the spring evenings had gotten into his blood and he had won the battle with himself. If he could only have the child with him as he had the previous summer he would be satisfied. He sat on the marble bench and waited through the primrose dusk until the first tiny stars glowed like fireflies in the midnight blue of the heavens. At last he arose and walked, an erect, proud figure, out of the garden, down the paths into his palace. He had been foolish, the child had probably forgotten him as soon as he had gone. But there arose before him the vision of a small aristocratic little face, brown curls tumbled, blue eyes bright with tears, two dimpled arms around his neck, a soft voice begging him not to go. He waited during the days which followed with a grim persistence, until at last he could endure no more, and one afternoon he passed through the great iron gates down the dusty road that led into the village.

He enquired diligently, but though some remembered the child, none knew his whereabouts. His mother had died the previous winter, and where he had gone no one knew. He was about to



give up and go back, fresh despair clutching him at thought of the boy's sad plight, when something familiar in a disreputable small figure clad in rags, which leaned against the gate of a tumble down fence, sobbing, caused him to pause. He looked again, and held out his arms, crying in a low voice, "Eugene!"

The arrangements did not take long. He paid the hard faced woman the money she said the child's people owed her, and taking the lad to the proper officials, went through the formal proceedings of making him his own. There was no mistaking the child's feelings, his eye followed him through the whole proceedings, ablaze with love. As for the Bishop, his desire had been granted him. The fates had at last given him a full cup and allowed him to drink to the depths. The lad before him, his son, the future Count of Harcourt, his eyes softened with dreams. He would reap a greater happiness in seeing the lad accomplish the things that had been denied him than he would had he done them himself. His heart was filled with a great content.

Then one night in June, when the world was mad with summer, and the night throbbed with a million voices, he made his way to the monastery garden, spangled with moonlight and seeped with the perfume of lovely pink roses. He came laughing, the old laugh famous through many shires. He came laughing, all his dreams fulfilled, the fates had bestowed upon him their greatest gift in the shape of the small lad who walked so proudly at his side, and called him "Father Eugene" in his soft child's voice, the small figure clad in satin and velvet ribbons and laces, walking erect beside the tall slender figure of the Bishop, in perfect comradeship, walking straight and proud, every inch Eugene, Count of Harcourt. Yes, the Bishop of Aragon came laughing, the moonlight in his silver curls, casting lights of fire in his sea-blue eyes, and turning the quiet grey of his Bishop's attire to molten silver. There was in his face that young, young look, for that something that had died on that long ago night had been reborn. The Bishop had found his soul.

The garden lay beneath the glory of the moonlight, hushed and expectant. Suddenly out of the silence there came that loveliest of all music, a child's laugh. It rippled like tinkling bells in the quiet stillness, and suddenly the garden became alive, vibrantly pulsingly alive. It glittered and spangled and glowed with exuberance. It was no longer a painted picture, it was no longer unsatisfying and unreal. The garden, like the Bishop, had found its soul through a little child.

THE HOME GARDEN

Continued from page 41

water is then drawn off and poured over the eggs previously placed in a crock or watertight barrel.

As exposure to the air tends to precipitate the lime, and thus to weaken the solution, the vessel containing the eggs should be kept covered. The air may be excluded by a covering of sweet oil, or by sacking upon which a paste of lime has been spread. Should there be any precipitation of lime noticed after a time, the lime water should be siphoned off and replaced with a further supply of fresh preparation.

It is preferable to keep the stored eggs in a temperature of from 40° F. to 45° F. though if such storage cannot be provided, go ahead and do the next best thing but do not abandon the idea on that account.

Their Real Reason Revealed

The Scotch bagpipe players were breaking the atmosphere into thousands of fragments with their instruments.

"Why do those pipes keep walking up and down as they play?" asked one stranger of another.

"I don't know," was the peevish answer, "unless it makes them harder to hit."



Look! Mother

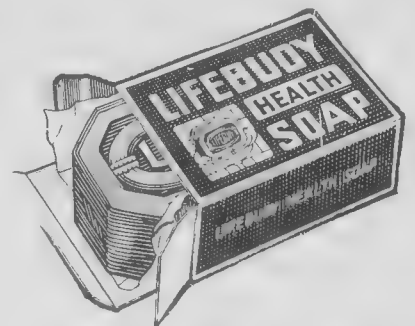
KIDDIES can't help getting dirty. Curious little hands touch anything—germ-laden though it may be. Chubby hands and knees are always being scratched, bruised and infected.

Lifebuoy Protects

Yet, no matter how dirty the kiddies get, mothers know the danger is past when rosy bodies are washed with the creamy health-guarding lather of Lifebuoy Soap.

Lifebuoy contains an antiseptic health-ingredient which cleanses every pore, removing all impurities and leaving the skin sweet, refreshed and purified.

The wholesome odour vanishes in a few seconds, but the protection of Lifebuoy remains.



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Courses leading to a degree in Agricultural Science and in Household Science for men and women with Grade XI or matriculation—Open October 13.

Splendid accommodation in residence for 400. Write for the College Calendar and full particulars as to cost, etc., of above courses.

C. A. SPROULE,
Registrar.

STAMMER

If you stammer attend no institute until you get my large FREE book entitled "STAMMERING, Its Origin and The Advanced Natural Method of Treatment." Ask for special tuition rate and a FREE copy of "The Natural Speech Magazine." Largest, best equipped and most successful school in the world for the cure of stammering. Established 20 years. No sing-song or time-beat.

Millard Institute of Normal Speech, 2367 Millard Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis. Summer Branch—Portland, Ore.

When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

Woodland Rain

Shining, shining children
Of the summer rain,
Racing down the valley,
Sweeping o'er the plain!

Rushing through the forest,
Pelting on the leaves,
Drenching down the meadow
With its standing sheaves.

Robed in royal silver
Girt with jewels gay,
With a gust of gladness
You pass upon your way.

Fresh, ah, fresh behind you,
Sunlit and impearled,
As it was in Eden,
Lies the lovely world!

—Bliss Carman

Milking Time

When the cows come home the milk is
coming;

Honey's made while the bees are humming;
Duck and drake on the rushy lake;
And the deer live safe in the breezy brake;
And timid, funny, pert little bunny
Winks his nose, and sits all sunny.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

Doll Coloring Competition

THE following are prize winners for
the competition in the June
C.C.C. The first three names are
in order of merit, and very well done.

The dolls were to—

Gretchen McNaughton, Champion,
Alta., aged 10.

Georgina P. Holmes, Moosomin,
aged 9.

Albert Miller, 4220 17th St., Calgary.
(done with his left hand).

Gwen Stubbs, 1004, 7th Ave., S. Leth-
bridge; Raema M. Craik, 220 Ave. E.
Saskatoon; Rose Fanstone, 448 Bowman
Ave., E. Kildonan; Irene Peacock,
1256-6th Ave S. Lethbridge, Alta.;
Kenneth Young, 1087 Strathecona St.,
Winnipeg; Marjorie Cheyne, 922 5th
Ave., Calgary; Fred Grover, 428 9½
St., N.W. Calgary; Jessie Riley, 146
2nd St. N.W. Medicine Hat, Alta.;
Nellie Gerving, 631-17th St., Brandon;
Freda Smith, Killam, Alta.

The prize winners for July and August
will be announced in the October Corner,
with the September prize winners.

Rules

1. Children up to eleven years old
may compete.

2. All work sent in must be your
own.

3. Put your name and address plainly
on each page. You may send in more
than one page if you wish to but you
may only win one prize. Neatness and
care will count largely in deciding the
prize.

4. All dolls should be in by Septem-
ber 1 and the prize winners will be
announced in October.

Color this Dolly

When you have done so as neatly as
you can, cut or tear out the page and
mail it with your name and address
to: Bobby Burke, The Western Home
Monthly, Bannatyne and Dagmar, Win-
nipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Twenty-four prizes of Cut-Out Doll
Books containing six pages of dolls and
dress, etc., to cut out, will be given to
those who send in the best work.

A special prize of a Large Cut-Out
Toy Theatre or Large Washable Crayon
Book, will be given to each one of
you who sends in one subscription to
the Western Home Monthly.

The Toy Theatre Book contains the
scenes from a fairy story which can be
cut out and set up on the back of the
book which forms the stage. You will
have hours of fun giving shows with
one of these books.

The Washable Crayon Book has
pages on which you can draw pictures
with the crayons which come with the
book. When you have used a page just
wash off and start again.

Something To Do in the Summer

Don't forget to send in your diaries
of wild flowers and garden flowers and
DON'T forget to say which prize you
want if you win!



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

A WONDERFUL DOLLS' HOUSE

Have you heard about the Queen's
Dolls' House which is on exhibition
at the Wembley Exhibition in London
this year? This is the most wonderful
Dolls' House in the world because it is
a perfect model of a perfect house of the
year 1924. In the Victoria and Albert
Museum in London there is a great Dolls'
House that was made in the days of
Queen Victoria, and it is so perfect that when
you look at it you may know exactly
how people lived and furnished their

But since we are too tall for that pleasure,
other methods have had to be devised
for displaying its rich interior. In the
front of the pedestal a huge electric
switch is thrown in (it is huge in com-
parison with the scale on which the
house has been fashioned), and suddenly
the four walls move upward. They rise
slowly and silently until the threshold of
the main entrance is on a level with the
ceiling of the topmost rooms. Then
they stop. The entire interior is now open



Queen Mary's Dolls' House

houses in those days, and now from
Queen Mary's Dolls' House people alive
in the year 2,000 will be able to say,
"Oh, look, they had stairs in houses in
those days, and chimneys, and such queer
furniture!" In fact, this is really not
a Dolls' House at all, for there will be no
dolls in it, but a perfect little model house
such as wealthy people live in in England.
Because I think you will all be interested
in it, I am going to give you a description
of it, and as it is very long indeed, we
will divide the story and you shall have
some of it this month, and the rest in
September. It has taken two years
to build this tiny house, and over 2,000
craftsmen have done work for it. The
rugs have been specially woven for it,
the china, glass, silver, furniture, linen,
everything to be used in a house has all
been made to order of the very finest
material. The plans for the house were
drawn by Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., and
it is built to the scale of one inch to a foot.
For the rest of the description I shall
give you the words of Miss Clair Price,
a newspaper correspondent who has
examined the house herself.

The house itself measures six feet in
frontage by four feet in depth and four
feet in height. It is of white stone, with
bronze figures along its coping. In its
architecture it suggests Buckingham
Palace, in London. At the left side its
garden opens out, and for convenience's
sake, when it is not on exhibition, the
garden folds up and slides out of sight
beneath it, like a drawer. Similarly, its
garage opens up at the right side and
folds out of sight when desired.

The whole stands on a pedestal four
feet high, which houses the batteries
whence its tiny electric lights draw their
current. At the front of the pedestal a
door opens, revealing rows of electric
switches, which, of course, are not lilli-
putian, and two of which would entirely
cover its main entrance.

If you and I were six inches tall instead
of, say, six feet tall, we could enter it and
wander through its royal apartments.

and may be seen by walking around the
house. A dozen steps suffice for a rapid
first glance at all of its exquisite treasures.

The main entrance (when it has not
been lifted to the roof) opens into the
rotunda, which is the most striking piece
of work in the entire house. It ought to
be added that the main entrance really
does open. Like all the doors in the
house, it is fitted with a doorknob which
is not much larger than the head of a
match, and which clicks softly when
you turn it with the tips of your fingers.
The doors in the house are fitted with
keys and they all work, which means
that their mechanism has been made as
fine as that of a watch.

Exquisite Decorations

The rotunda is thirty inches square
and extends to the roof of the house, a
height of four feet. It is paved with
statuary marble inlaid with lapis lazuli.
A grand stair case rises at the left to a
landing, whence it continues to the
second floor, over which the dome of the
rotunda is occupied by an original paint-
ing by William Nicholson, representing
the fall of man. This is done in indigo,
in which the spreading branches of the
Tree of Life have been faintly traced.
High in the dome of the miniature ro-
tunda the figure and trumpet of Gabriel
have been done in flesh color, and the
cowering figures of Adam and Eve at the
foot of the Tree of Life stand out like-
wise from their indigo background in
flesh color.

Down on the ground floor, at both
sides of the main entrance, plaster busts
of King Edward and Queen Alexandra
stand on marble pedestals. They are
the work of Sir William Gascombe John.
Opposite them stand two figures in
medieval armor, each about six inches
high, the work of Paul Hardy. A
grandfather clock of similar height ticks
near them. There are eight clocks in
the house and they all keep accurate
time. Cartier is their maker.

On the landing is a plant of Chinese
jade from Lady Sackville's collection of
jades. On the second floor, the balus-
trade, a very ornate piece of work about
three inches high, is the work of J. Starkey
Gardner. All contributions to the Queen's
Dolls' House have, of course, been given
free. Their makers and donors are colla-
borators in a very dainty labor of love.

The Royal Library

The rotunda on the ground floor opens
into the King's study on the right. A
small lobby is passed in leaving the
rotunda, and in the lobby is the passenger
elevator, contributed by Waygood-Otis.
If you press a very tiny button beside
the elevator door, the car descends
automatically. There is also a luggage
elevator at the back of the house.

If the rotunda impresses by its striking
proportions, the King's study impresses
by its microscopic richness. It is finished
in Italian walnut. A fireplace in the
middle of its longest wall is surrounded
by original oil paintings. William Walcott,
R.B.A., has done Queen Elizabeth,
William Nicholson has done Henry VII,
and Sir Arthur Cope, R.A., has done
Henry VIII. The remainder of the
wall on both sides of the fireplace is
occupied by the King's library.

More than 170 authors have written
with their own hands tiny books for the
library, whose pages are not much larger
than a two-cent stamp. Most of them
contain original matter written especially
for the Dolls' House Library; the
rest consist of extracts, copied out by
the authors from books already published.
Kipling, for example, has illustrated
selections from his poems with original
drawings.

Sangorski and Sutcliffe have done the
bindings of the King's library, and very
richly have done them. Crimson and
black leather have been used, some
of the bindings being ornately tooled
and all bearing the crown and the
monogram "G.R."

Here a little leeway must be allowed
those who have had charge of the Dolls'
House in their efforts, elsewhere success-
ful, to confine themselves scrupulously
to scale. One of the books in the King's
library, for instance, is a volume of
Edmund Blunden's poems, a very fat
volume which, if it were reproduced to
scale on the shelves of an ordinary
library, would hardly be exceeded in
size by a one-volume encyclopedia.
However, if you open Mr. Blunden's
volume on the tiny shelves of the King's
library you will find it easily readable.
In other words, it has proved impossible
to reduce handwriting to the scale of
one inch to a foot.

There are also in the library a red-
bound book of the King's wine cellar and
a green-bound volume of his Sandring-
ham stud. The top shelf is occupied by
a row of blue-bound volumes, which
contain no writing but are intended to
represent Government blue books, and a
side wall of the library contains shelves
of music books.

To be continued

Birthday

Of all the days the one most dear
That comes and passes by.
Have you a birthday every year?
How funny, so have I!

A splendid day it is for me,
For then I am so great,
I ask my playmates all to tea
And go to bed quite late!

What lovely cakes my mother makes,
And sweets and jellies too!
For days before she cooks and bakes,
Does your mamma for you?

When tea is over, then we play
The games we like the best;
And I am king of all that day
In all my finest dressed.

My parents give me lots of toys,
And other people do,
And wish me nothing else but joys
The whole of my life through!

But tell me truly, if you can.
Why, when the day is o'er,
I am a whole year older than
I was the day before!



COSY CORNER CUT-OUT COMPETITION

See Rules on Opposite Page



Step Surely—Use Your Flashlight

AVOID accidents by using a flashlight to guide your guests to and from your boat at night. Keep one handy for examining the engine or gas tank, for searching out safe channels in unfamiliar water. Use your flashlight to locate the mooring at night. Safe, instant, dependable light that defies wind or rain. A necessity in every boat.

If you have an old flashlight—put it into service. Reload it with Eveready Unit Cells; long-lived cartridges of brilliant light.

If you haven't a flashlight now—make sure the one you buy has EVEREADY stamped on the end. EVEREADY means the highest standard of flashlight quality, and Eveready Unit Cells give more light longer.

Buy them from marine supply, electrical or hardware dealers, drug, sporting goods or general stores, garages or auto accessory shops.

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FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer

AMONG THE THOUSANDS REVISITING ENGLAND

Continued from page 15

The Godmother of a Western Town. "You are a journalist from Canada?" questioned a tall, blonde jolly looking woman to whom I had just been introduced.

"Then perhaps you know Brandon?" I admitted that I had stayed with friends in Brandon—and enjoyed it.

"Somewhere near Brandon," my companion continued with a triumphant smile, "is a town named after me."

I explained that I had never been further west than Brandon and so was ignorant of her godchild.

"Alida," said Lady Brittain, for it was she to whom I was talking. "The 'i' is short; some of you Canadians will make the 'i' long!"

Just as I was wondering why a western Canadian town had been named after Lady Brittain, wondering also how I could find out as tactfully as possible, she herself enlightened me in that frank comradely manner which is one of her greatest charms.

"They called the town after me out of compliment to my husband, Sir Harry."

And then I remembered that Sir Harry Brittain was the author of "Canada, There and Back" and had been one of the most prominent members of the Canadian War Contingent Committees, and one of the founders of the first Imperial Press Conference.

I wish I could repeat Lady Brittain's brilliant verbal picture of England's first Labor Prime Minister. But she gave it to me over the tea cups and not for publication! But I may say this. One day, I hope that Lady Brittain, who is chairman of the Council of the Society of Women Journalists, will write sketches of the people in political life with whom she is in close contact; because, judging from her few remarks that afternoon, I know she is a woman of keen perception, quick understanding and (Allah be praised) the possessor of a well developed sense of humor. So, Alida, you may well be proud of your English "name-mother!"

Pandora and Her Pen

Pandora with her box of nasty little troubles was not half so interesting as the Pandora I have met. She possesses a pen from which she releases words of wisdom, of wit, and of cheer. She is known personally to a number of Canadian writers. Among Canadian readers she can count her thousands. The guessing game is up. Answer—Mary MacLeod Moore, weekly contributor to the Toronto Saturday Night. Under the pen-name of Pandora, she writes delightful essayettes, feminine philosophies and whimsical comments on matters of the moment for the Times. Mrs. Rees (to give her the name by which she is known socially) has a personality of great charm. She is among the few who can say the conventional, colorless "how do you do" as if she were really and truly most concerned for your happiness and welfare! When a well-known writer in the seething city of London tells an unknown writer from the backwaters of the literary world at least, that your name and work is quite familiar to her—well, of course one thinks her a very clever and charming person! But, speaking quite seriously, I do think that we journalists from Canada are very fortunate to have in London a body of women like the Society of British Journalists who show us the greatest hospitality and helpfulness.

A Philosopher in His Dressing Gown

I was to lunch with the noted philosopher Belfort Bax. Excitement was at fever pitch for I had been told that Belfort Bax always entertained in his dressing gown and ate caviare and chocolate creams as a main diet. Unfortunately my host decided to entertain at the National Liberal Club and not in Goldsmith's rooms in Brick Lane where he lives. Therefore, he was not in his dressing gown. His tall, badly stooping body was clothed in a mundane suit. Yet he looked not like other men; or rather he looked as if he was a man

among men; a man who had lived long and achieved much and who felt he had gained the right to dress as he pleased. He does. His studless collar was prevented from falling to the ground by a bright orange bow of crepe de chine bought, he told me, from Liberty's. His feet were comfortably housed in elastic-sided bedroom slippers. Despite these eccentricities of costume, there is a dignity about this silver-haired philosopher who will soon celebrate his seventieth birthday. What reminiscences he could write for he was a great friend of William Morris and his clique. At the height of his mental prime Belfort Bax was acclaimed by dozens of great men of that period to be the most original thinker in England. His works include many books on philosophy and socialism for he was one of the men who in conjunction with William Morris started the first Socialist League. History too has claimed much of this student's attention. His life of Marat is a book of great originality. A most interesting personality but I do regret the absence of the famous dressing gown!

Soul-Hunting—A New Profession for Women

There's a bright yellow door, in St. John's Wood Road. It smiles a welcome to those who ring. It must have smiled at many Canadians and will smile at many more before the Exhibition closes its gates. For good news soon travels. Others will hear what I heard.

"While you are in London, you must go to Olive Ismay's Studio."

So of course I went as other Canadians had done before me and others will do.

The bright yellow door smiled, the bell pealed forth, there was a sound of playful puppies and I was being welcomed by a girl astonishingly like Sybil Thorndike in her impersonation of Joan of Arc. This was Doris Burnett, secretary to Olive Ismay and director of the company known as Olive Ismay Ltd.

Shortly afterwards a pair of eyes entered the room. Now I am aware I am speaking of St. John's Wood which is a spooky district as every one who reads the Psychical Research Records knows quite well. Also there is that yellow door. Nevertheless, I am not about to tell you of a strange psychical experience. With the eyes, came the owner of them! And she was (and still is I believe!) Miss Olive Ismay. But for the first few minutes I was conscious of nothing but eyes. Wide open, meditative grey eyes that seem to be searching for truth. When Olive Ismay looks at you—you realize that clothes are of no avail; she is scrutinizing your soul! "Soul-hunter," I dubbed her mentally, and then we were in the midst of a most fascinating discussion on the art of the camera.

"It's the mind behind the camera, not the lens," said Miss Ismay that makes of photography an art as fascinating as sincere and as beautiful as that of the brush or the pen.

Several times Miss Ismay stressed the idea of "sincerity." "It must be true," she said over and over again, couching this ideal in different words. Looking at the camera studies on the Studio walls, one realizes what Miss Ismay means by sincerity and what she meant when she said, that the photographer must search out the personality of the subject—a mere reproduction of physical features is not photography.

Miss Ismay never takes a photograph until she has had converse with her subject. She tries to find out what type of mind, what measure of soul she is about to photograph. That she is marvellously successful is proved, I think, by this incident.

Pointing to one of her camera studies, I remarked, "what a striking face, a musician, surely?"

"Yes," said Miss Ismay, quietly. "He is a musician but few know it. The world considers him a successful business man."

Although Miss Ismay did not say as much, I knew that by talking to him

OUR SCENIC HERITAGE

Continued from page 19

she had found in him the musician and with consummate art had translated to the sensitised paper, not the business brain but the soul of the musician. No wonder Londoners say they can spot an Olive Ismay photograph among a hundred.

Talking of the terror with which photographers usually filled me, Olive Ismay scoffed at the idea that a modern photographer ever resorted to that old time torture of twisting the subject's neck, raising or lowering the chin, and placing the head at a perfectly absurd angle.

"Indeed, we do not," she laughed. I like to sit talking until my subject assumes a perfectly natural pose and then—click—I take her photograph, just as I have taken yours!

As I turned my back on that smiling yellow door, I thought what a fascinating profession for artistic women—this profession of soul-capture by camera.

Well, I've told you about the Prince's dress suit, the philosopher's dressing gown, Pandora with a pen, the god-mother of a western town, and a yellow door through which one passes into cool spacious artistic rooms where Miss Ismay and Miss Burnett give visiting Canadians much opportunity to study the modern young Englishwoman—athletic, bobbed, marvellously efficient, captains of their souls and masters of their highly artistic profession. But I've said nothing of a drive on Victoria Day to Ealing along roads made beautiful by May trees, Chestnut trees and



Behind a bright yellow door this girl with the searching eyes photographs your personality

Laburnums in the glory of their full blossoming. Red, pink, white, gold, and green everywhere. The glory of England is in her trees. Nor have I said anything about the Military Tournament an annual event of great importance where I with ten thousand other spectators sat spell bound before the magnificent displays of horsemanship, of representation of an air raid and the battery drill, of naval drill and a perfect capture of the hostile plane. Nor have I mentioned what was perhaps the greatest treat of all—meeting and talking to Beatrice Harraden whose novels are beloved by all who appreciate a story told in exquisite English and with a regard for the spiritual values in life so seldom taken into account by the modern writers of "realism." It is a particular pleasure, writing as I am to a Canadian magazine, to tell you how Beatrice Harraden introduced herself to

should see the animal parks at Wainwright and Lamont. The former is headquarters for the large buffalo herd, and the latter for elk.

Park officials fully realize that the motor car is the greatest factor in the development of tourist travel and are shaping their whole policy accordingly. So far as they can, with available funds, they are constructing excellent roads within park areas, and are linking these with all main highways leading into the parks.

An analysis of travel to the United States National Parks two years ago shows that 65 per cent. of park visitors came by private auto. This is largely due to the fact that their principal parks are all accessible by good motor roads and they also have a magnificent park-to-park motor road system.

Our governments have made a splendid start. The Banff-Windermere motor highway completed last year crosses the central Rockies from Banff via Vermilion Pass to Windermere Valley, going through the Banff and Kootenay National Parks and giving access to the far-famed resorts, Banff, Lake Louise, Valley of the Ten Peaks and Moraine Lake. It forms the last link in a 6,000 mile circle tour connecting three Canadian National Parks with twelve American ones, and called the "Grand Circle Tour." The Western section is known as the "California-Banff Bee Line," the eastern as the "Grand Canyon Route." This new motor road crosses two passes, the Sinclair and Vermilion (see illustrations), the latter being the higher with an altitude of 5,660 feet, the last 1,000 feet of which is made in four miles by a series of loops of "Switchbacks." This opens up new territory rich in scenic beauty and abounding in big game.

This new route from the beginning of the Rockies on the east to the Columbia Valley on the West covers a little over 125 miles, and every mile brings unexpected pleasure.

The time is coming when a good deal more attention will be paid to improving our two main highways into the Rockies and I feel like predicting Jasper and Banff within a reasonable time will be linked with a delightful scenic highway through the foothills along the easterly fringe of the Rockies. This would tap many beauty spots inaccessible at present and bring new fishing and hunting territory within easy reach of the sportsman. It should be mentioned that there is delightful trout fishing in many of the lakes and mountain streams. Perhaps the best lake trout fishing is in the Waterton Lakes in the park of that name near the International boundary. This is getting to be a delightful summer resort, and is of easy access to those living in Alberta south of Calgary. Fishing is free within the National Parks.

Tangle of Mountains

JASPER NATIONAL PARK is Canada's largest park, with an area of 4,400 square miles. It is the largest game sanctuary in the world; also contains the greatest number of mountain peaks. This mammoth park covers an area almost twice the size of Prince Edward Island. It will be a very popular resort this summer, as the Alpine Club of Canada purpose pitching their tents at the base of Mount Robson, widely known as the monarch of the Canadian Rockies, altitude 13,068 feet. Edmonton is the gateway to Jasper and the Edmonton Auto Club should be consulted if any information is needed.

Picture, if you can, a locality where the mighty heads of immense peaks stand out above the clouds; where dark canyons hide their feet in unknown depths; where great glaciers creep down from the frozen desolation of Alpine heights and sheer precipices almost shut out the light of day. The poet who wrote:

me. "You are from Canada, I understand?" she said. "I always love meeting people from the colonies and the Dominion. I am more interested in the Empire than anything else." How one's heart does glow when words like these fall from the lips of our literary heroines!

"Heaving Heaven on a shoulder;
Carved and curved with rock and boulder.

Monarch mountains old and older
Than old Etna, flame-encurled.
Thou the ancient hills, defiant
Of the storms, each crest a giant;
Sentinel, aloof, reliant—
Guardian of the cloudy world."

must surely have been camped beside Robson, and when he goes on to say:

"Avalanche and landslide only
Mark the beating of thy lonely
Bosom burdened with the years;
With the sorrows, stern, evolving
From thy vigil slow dissolving
Into rivulets of tears."

Again he must have seen the avalanches go thundering down its mighty sides into Berg Lake.

Add to that the softening effect of wooded valleys; white-crested tumbling waterfalls; many-shaped lakes, magically tinted, changing according to the varying light as drifting shadows dance across their limpid surfaces; hill-slopes and uplands sparkling with the brilliance of Alpine flowers and we can well imagine that another poet looking upon the same scene wrote:

"The Lord God planted a garden
In the first white days of the world;
And placed there an angel warden
With a banner of light unfurled;
So near to the peace of Heaven
The hawk might nest with the wren;
For there in the cool of the even
God walked with the first of men.

"And I dream that these garden closes
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod,
And their lilies and bowers of roses
Were laid by the hand of God;
The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth;
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

The scenery is grand beyond description, and along with it there are paths of daring and dead romance. We are in historic, almost sacred ground, for some of the trails running through this great park were blazed over a century ago by fur traders and explorers, and numbers of the men who trod them in these early years, although passed and gone, have left their imprint on Canadian history.

In our mountain parks we have a mighty national asset, part of it, and the smallest part by far, can be measured directly by the increase in revenue as the parks become better patronized.

The main asset is the human element. Yearly an ever-increasing stream will go back to the strain of modern business, stronger in body and cleaner in soul, through coming into closer grips with the majesty of the mountains. This element, fired with a new determination, scarcely perhaps realized, yet none the less real, must of necessity, like a steady incoming spring tide, raise the general standard of Canadian life, and then, and not till then, will the mountains have begun to play their full part in shaping the destiny of Canada's future.

Feared Music Disturbed him

It happened the other evening, and now a certain clubman is trying to figure out how he will square things with his wife the next time he is "detained" down town. He was not going home for dinner, and when his wife answered the telephone, he said:

"Don't wait for me at dinner this evening, dear. I shall be detained on business."

"Very well," she replied. "I'm sorry you can't come home; but business is business, I suppose. Where are you now?"

"Where am I? In my office, of course. I have had a very busy day."

"It's too bad you have to work so hard. George. But tell me something."

"Yes, dear. What is it?"

"How can you keep your mind on business with the orchestra playing 'Every Little Movement?'—Kansas City Star.

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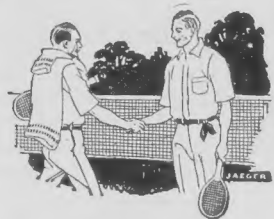
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SPIRIT LAKE—Continued from page 5



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like a sleeping buffalo. Beside it he gladly made his camp. The roar of the storm kept him from turning in, and, while he sat beside the fire drowsily smoking his pipe, the Buffalo Spirit told him many things.

It told him that it was there to watch over the last of the buffalo, and to turn aside the white men who were ever bringing evil among our people, and who had ruthlessly destroyed the buffalo of the prairies. It told him, too, that as our people had always shared the country with the buffalo, we could still hunt them, provided that due respect were paid to the slain.

"On that trip my father had great success; no evil thing crossed his trail.

"It is true, my sons, that this little band, and a larger band beyond the Athabasca and the River of Peace, are last of all the buffalo. The Great White Father, to redeem the folly of the Long Knives (Americans), has set his Redcoats (Mounted Police) to guard the few that remain. For white men it is a good law; let them keep it. For us it is different. To us the buffalo belong. We will hunt them as our fathers did; and if the Redcoats follow our trail, we shall show them that when white men travel in the Strong Wood Country, they are but as children.

"Now, my sons, it is growing late. We must push on, if we are to sleep tonight among the Buffalo Hills."

Down the slope they went. Standing Wolf, as trail beater, led the way; The Marten, immediately preceding the dogs, followed his father at a little distance; At-tick, holding back upon the trail line, brought up the rear. At the steepest part of the descent, At-tick found it difficult to control the sled. A curly root caught the toe of one of his shoes. The trail line gave a sudden jerk. He lost his balance and tumbled down the bank headlong. The sled, freed, plunged upon

the dogs. They rushed frantically down and overran The Marten's shoes. In a moment, four dogs and one boy—in a struggling heap, crowned with an up-turned sled and almost buried in the snow—lay at the bottom of the slope.

At-tick went to the rescue, pulled The Marten out, and then both set to to give the dogs a beating.

When the harness had been disentangled and the sled repacked, when the cracking of whips and yelping of dogs had ceased to echo around the lake, the party moved on once more in single file. Two hours later the sun went down. Before its glow had faded from the sky, the dusk crept silently through the forest, and found the Indians halted beside the resting place of the Buffalo Spirit. Upon one huge boulder rested another, almost as huge, that looked like a buffalo lying down. Facing this, Standing Wolf reverently addressed it, and placed upon it tobacco from his fire-bag, as an offering to the Buffalo Spirit. This done, all turned to making their camp. Standing Wolf went off in search of dry trees for firewood. The Marten busied himself shovelling away the snow with a snowshoe. At-tick cut down a number of green spruce trees, stripped off the branches to build an open shelter with, and spread upon the cleared ground a heavy, springy carpet of the smallest twigs for beds. When enough dry wood had been brought in, and the shelter was finished, the dogs were unharnessed, and soon there was a roaring fire made of logs about ten feet long, laid in parallel lines so that, without being in one another's way, each might have room enough to eat his supper, dry his moccasins, and smoke his pipe before the flames. Four whitefish, that had been thawing before the fire while the men cooked and ate their supper, were fed to the dogs.

Continued in the September Issue

THE STRENGTH OF MEN

Continued from page 7

white teeth showed under his black moustache. "You want to kill me, eh? You have the big pistol in your hand for bust me dead, is it not? Bien? That is nothing, of course. You will pull the trigger—bang!—Here am I, all bust through with the bullet! Certainly. My good heavens! it is so very easy thing as that for bust me up! Is it not so?"

"Listen to me, Alec Bibault!" and the words came hoarsely, very cracked and uncertain as the voice of the big boy who may soon sing in the choir; there was a noise of breathing in the pause of his speech. "You have stolen my girl, Louisette Rochon!" His fingers twitched jerkily. "One of us must die for that, monsieur! It makes no difference which. We fight like honorable men in Old Quebec. See, your pistol! Quick, monsieur!"

"La-la, monsieur, you are so very funny!" The big man talked in a laughing voice, nodded, winked. "Me, I'm much too lazy for to fight like Old Quebec. That is so. But if monsieur desires to fight by himself—" He shrugged. "Is it that monsieur is afraid

to pull on that trigger? Yes?" He grinned provokingly.

"Bibault!—Quick, your pistol!—We fight like honorable men!"

"Pooh-pooh! Since when does a man, full grown, fight with children? Bah!" Comfortably he lounged in his chair, his long legs outstretched, his hands locked behind his head. "Monsieur has come to make a funeral so that he can write one of his silly memoriams," he sneered. "But he is afraid—aid to pull on the trigger, eh? Would monsieur shoot if his face was slapped like Old Quebec?" With a swift lunge of his long arm the voyageur drove the action on the heels of insult.

Quick from the muzzle of the pistol darted venomous red fire and thereupon the little room was deaf with explosion. Bibault leaped to his feet. On the wool of his thick shirt, close by the jump of his heart, clung a blackened wad of rag with fire in its edges. He brushed it away impatiently with his hand, towered big through the thinning powder smoke, glared angrily.

Concluded in September Issue

TEACHING AT PLAY

Continued from page 21

a child be allowed to talk while older people are talking. The mother who answers her child's questions as intelligently as she is able will not only be rewarded by her child's cleverness but will find herself trying to improve her own knowledge in order to satisfy the demands of her child's brain, and this is a good thing for a mother. Too many mothers imagine they know all they need or have no time to learn anything more and the consequence is that by the time their child has grown to manhood or womanhood they are intellectually be-

hind that child, and though they do not often recognize the fact, the child does.

It may be a great joy to a mother to have a child that wins prizes in beauty competitions, but beauty only lasts for a short time while character and intelligence grow with the years and are of lasting delight to the mother who in the early years of her child's life has trained the agile brain in the pursuit of knowledge. Knowledge is power. See to it that your child drinks from the well of knowledge while its mother is there to see that its springs are not polluted but pure.



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THE LADY OF THE EMERALDS

Continued from page 11

have had a decent start in life. Evidences of refinement were observable in each tone, each gesture. Why had she stepped from the narrow path of integrity. What curious swirl of life's deep waters had sent this lovely human atom down among dark currents to mingle with the flotsam and jetsam of the world's iniquities?

It was a treatise on crime—crime in all its varied aspects. Mayhew turned the pages till he found a chapter called "Women and Crime," and under a sub-heading he read:

"There are several kinds of store thieves. There is the ordinary kleptomaniac, the woman who steals because it is so easy, the mentally unbalanced who do not know right from wrong, the woman who steals to adorn her person, and the professional 'lifter.'"

Mayhew drew a deep sigh. In which class belonged Clare Wilkins?

The next day he called upon her again. She seemed much more cheerful. They talked and laughed together over various things, but not once was shoplifting referred to. Each day for a week the young man visited her. Twice she asked him to post letters she had written—fat letters sealed in envelopes he had brought her. She had asked him not to look at the addresses and he had honorably refrained, dropping them face down into the pillar-box outside. Several times he had noticed her fingers shrivelled as from washtub labor and she had explained that every second day she had been drafted in to help in the prison laundry.

On the second last day before her term expired Professor Mayhew's voice trembled as he prepared to take leave. She had told him that he must not come again.

"You have been very good," she said, handing him back some books he had brought her.

"Go! Oh go, please!" she entreated, when he would have kissed her again.

Mayhew picked the books up, took his hat and left.

The next day he broke his promise and called at the hour she had been supposed to leave. But she had already been allowed to leave.

Mayhew hurried to a drug-store and demanded a city directory. Feverishly he searched for the name of Clare Wilkins. It wasn't there. The lady of the emeralds had dropped out of his life as suddenly as she had entered it.

IT was the eleventh of September. Mayhew stood before his dresser calendar, staring at the numeral which was supposed to be his lucky figure and whose efficacy he had at heart always doubted. Once it had brought him an adventure—true. But as luck—and love—pouff. He had lost all faith in talismans years ago—at least it seemed years.

No smile hovered on his face now. Instead he busied himself dressing for the conversation at the University. It was opening night.

Professor Mayhew belonged in the atmosphere of erudition and amid the classical surroundings of an institution of learning, as a twig belongs to a tree. He was no society man, yet he must perforce attend these social affairs now and then. Usually, after the obligations of the receiving line had been dispensed, he repaired to a corner where he stood like the figure of a wooden Indian, or more properly, like a statue of a very bored gentleman in a dress suit.

It was in one of these corners, near a window recess, that along towards midnight he happened to be standing. He was quite alone. He gazed out over the semi-gay throng with unseeing eyes. Then very suddenly, across the retina of his vision there floated a slender form in white, so different from all the other white-robed forms that it arrested his attention directly and he continued to gaze at the young woman who had paused just in front of him.

Even as a great joy began to flood his whole being he noted that about her neck there lay an emerald necklace!

Gropingly he put out his hand.

"Clare! Miss Wilkins!" he exclaimed.

She looked up quickly and light broke across her face.

"My good friend the Professor!"

"We meet again! Fate is indeed kind. You—you are looking well."

"So are you. And you look a part of this," she said, with a sweep of her hand. "I suppose you have the usual contempt (though perhaps that's too strong a term) for people who live outside these walls. I confess I feel very small and humble amongst so many intellectual lights."

"But—but how—" he began, and stopped.

"Finish it! How did I make good in such a short time? How many months ago is it? Never mind! I am reclaimed. My feet are set on a straight path once more."

His glance dropped to the necklace. "Let us sit here in this deep window-seat," he suggested and they did so.

"You see, your efforts were not in vain," she remarked, after a silence.

"But it was cruel to leave me."

"I—I had to work out my own salvation you know."

"But I—missed you! I suffered! All these long months. . . . Oh, Clare!"

An attendant appeared in the aperture of the velvet curtains.

"A letter for you, sir," he said, handing a large square envelope to Professor Mayhew.

He put it into his pocket, absently.

"Read your letter," said Miss Wilkins, with a smile. "Yes, please. It may be important."

He hurriedly tore open the flap and, beneath the shaded drop-light nearby ran his eye over the half-dozen lines. Again he read them.

"By Jove!" he murmured, wonderingly.

He turned to her.

"There's the big clock striking twelve," she observed irrelevantly.

"Then it—it came on the eleventh after all!"

"What, please?"

"My good fortune—to say nothing of my good fairy! This letter is from a firm of lawyers who tell me that a legacy of eight thousand dollars has left to me by my cousin in England. I—why I can marry now! Clare, will you marry me?"

She looked up at him, gravely.

"After—what I have been?"

"After everything!"

"You have great faith in human nature. Do you realize it?"

"I realize only one thing—that I love you very much."

He chanced to look at the necklace again. He was conscious of a chill at the heart.

"I don't care what you are! I only know that you can make me the happiest—"

"I may be a professional crook, you know."

"I don't happen to be that though," she went on slowly. "I'm only a newspaper woman on the staff of The Evening Echo."

He looked at her in perplexity.

"I have been on the staff for seven years," she resumed and her eyes were merry now. "Oh dear, stupid Professor! To-morrow I will show you an oldish editorial which my chief wrote months ago. It deals with prison reform. In one part it goes something like this: 'We were determined to find out the actual conditions prevailing in the women's wing of number six and so our Miss Wilkins got herself incarcerated for a period of ten days—there was no other recourse—and what she tells of prison life in her articles on the Woman's Page—' there I'm not going to hand myself any bouquets! Those fat letters you mailed for me were some of my reports. Oh, dear, stupid, obedient Professor! If only you had looked at the addresses!"

"Dear, daring little robber! They might have given you six months!"

"Well—I just had to chance it, you know. Oh yes, and this necklace! (I noticed you looking at it more than once.) The paper gave it to me as a reward for my scoop. It is the identical one I slipped up my sleeve. I—I just love emeralds!"



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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



Ignorance About Hudson Bay

There are newspapers down east badly needing a lesson in geography. One day they are writing about Hudson Bay as though it were as shallow as the water in the drinking cup in a canary's cage, and the next day they are losing Port Nelson among Arctic icebergs. They don't seem ever to have heard that laden ships have been safely coming in and going out of the Bay for two hundred years.—Gladstone Age.

She Found It Out Too Late

A Chicago woman who was sentenced to life imprisonment for shooting a man to death complained that had she been good-looking instead of plain-looking she would not have been convicted. But alas! perhaps she did not make the discovery that she was not beautiful till it was too late.—Hamilton Spectator.

Quebec and Hudson Bay

Two hundred years ago the hardy Frenchman who lived in the Province of Quebec thought nothing of sending a ship into Hudson Bay to get a cargo of beaver pelts. Sending ships into Hudson Bay was part of the ordinary business of the period. In opposing the Hudson Bay route, Quebec is forgetting its own history.—Pilot Mound Journal.

Definition of a Gentle Man

Sympathetic understanding is not born of the mind alone, but of the human heart. It is the garment of a character in which richness of personal experience in everyday affairs mingles with warmth of feeling and friendly, honest efforts to solve life's riddles as they bob up. It comes from an innate personal integrity toward life, and a spiritual generosity.—Kingston Whig.

The Los Angeles Police

The Los Angeles police force has failed to meet the mental tests. The tests showed that the mentality of the average Los Angeles policeman was about equal to that of a nine-year-old child. Some of the detectives had the mentality of two-year-olds. But then, you see, Hollywood is in Los Angeles, and these must be the coppers we see in the movie comedies.—Buffalo Express.

As We Journey Through Life

The truth about ages is that almost any age is as good as any other. The Architect of human life fashioned in human experience a succession and a growth. The thrills of childhood are unsurpassable for the child; the fire and wonder of adolescence are different things, but not less glorious to the boy or girl. With early manhood or womanhood, middle age and old age, new streams of knowledge, sensation, capacity flow in upon the individual and—if he lets them—recreate life for him.—Ottawa Citizen.

Quite Possibly

A skull has been dug up near Los Angeles which, the scientists say, antedates the Piltdown skull and the Neanderthal man. The construction of the brain-box shows that, it is alleged. But just because the skull belonged to a type of man inferior in intelligence to the Neanderthal man, is that any proof that it has lain in the ground tens of thousands of years? It might very possibly be the skull of a moving picture producer, consigned to the earth within the last decade.—New York Herald Times.

Is Man Using His Brain?

Man is supposed to have some brains and to use them. He has already done much to conquer nature and make the elements work for him. But is he really using his brain? We still hear talk of war, and of new inventions to make it more horrible. We should remember that these new methods, infinitely multiplying man's powers, must also be controlled by wise, constructive thinking, unless we want to follow the brainless dinosaur.—Border Cities Star.

The Oldest of the Arts and Crafts

When men began to plow they crossed the great divide and began their march to the utopias and ideal commonwealths which we hope are the final habitations of civilization. Following the sharpened stick, the twisted branch, the polished share, men have scored out the long line of human progress. To be a champion plowman is to be a champion in the oldest of the arts.—Weyburn Herald.

The Great Canadians

In what callings are the greatest sons of this country? In railroading? Banking and financial work? Manufacturing? Selling? Agriculture? The pulpit? The law? The press? Medicine? Engineering? Or politics? We have heard it said that the greatest number of BIG Canadians in any one line of work is in either the railroad business or in banking and financial work. The same authority would place engineering next, then the pulpit, the law, and the press; and after these, manufacturers, middlemen and doctors. We suggest that the farm is the source of all of the best of them, and that politics gets—unfortunately for us—the mediocre, except in a few rare instances.—Montreal Standard.

It Should Be a Pole Tax, Rather

Canada and the United States may get into a dispute as to which country owns a few million square miles around the North Pole. It is understood that the two governments may clash as to the rights to impose an income tax on polar bears.—Vancouver Sun.

"Experts" Galore

Another trouble with the country is too many experts who know how to save the country going around without jobs. The number seems to be on a similar plane as bald-headed barbers selling cures for baldness and eye specialists wearing thick glasses.—Washington Post.

As to Welcoming Newcomers

It is reported that I.W.W. agents were among the first to meet the new Czecho-Slovak settlers when they arrived in the West. This may be unfortunate, but then again there is no law against any other class going to the station to give them a welcoming hand.—Weyburn Herald.

Facts More Remarkable than Fiction

J. H. Thomas, colonial secretary in the British cabinet, with influence and power extending to five continents, began his career at the age of nine years as an engine-cleaner. And yet, the story of Dick Whittington, who was thrice lord mayor of London, has been regarded as fiction.—Boston Transcript.

A Way Out

Ontario farmers complain that farms in that province are becoming infected with weed seeds as a result of western grain shipments. Now if Ontario would only join with us to have the Hudson Bay railway built we would ship our weed seeds out by another route and save Ontario from the menace.—Killarney Guide.

A Large Undertaking

After they get this church union business cleared up and out of the way it is understood that a convention is to be called of all the Macs and the Mc's and the mac'd's and the MacD's, etc., etc., in order to straighten out how they should spell themselves. The convention is expected to last about six years.—Victoria Colonist.

The Pickpocket and the Premier

The premier of Quebec is out \$1,200 on account of a burglar breaking into his room at a hotel and taking the money from the pocket of his trousers. Perhaps fellows accustomed to handling large sums of money may not think much about it, but the average citizen will be of the opinion that a fellow who carries \$1,200 in his trousers is looking for trouble.—Galt Reporter.

One Insurance Broker's Luck

The Farmers' Sun points out a farmer toils a lifetime and if he has been fortunate he may leave an estate of \$10,000, whereas a Toronto insurance broker, accepting no financial responsibility and practically no risk, made \$100,000 in 24 hours by a dicker in Ontario bonds. The Sun suggests that there is something wrong somewhere. Of course, what's wrong is that we cannot all be insurance brokers.—Brantford Expositor.

A Tax on Brains

Professor Pregl, of Austria, who was recently awarded \$40,000, the amount of the current Nobel prize in chemistry, has been told that he must pay over 75 per cent. of it as income tax. It seems unreasonable to tax brains, which are just about the rarest commodity in the world today. Perhaps the tendency of governments to levy taxes on brains is due to the fact that such levies fall very lightly on the legislators themselves.—New York Tribune.

One Very Notable Exception

The fact that three of Canada's greatest railwaymen, Sir William Van Horne, Lord Shaughnessy and Sir Henry Thornton were born in the United States was recalled at a recent function in Chicago. The fact that one of the greatest railwaymen in the history of the United States, James J. Hill, was born in Canada, might also have been mentioned—and perhaps was, although the press despatch does not indicate it.—Regina Leader.

Beauty Contests Are Not New

Beauty contests are no new thing. They date back to ancient Egypt. It was the custom then to choose the most beautiful maiden in all the land and dress her in magnificent robes and costly jewels. But the competition for the honor was not as keen as it is now, for the maiden chosen was cast into the rushing waters of the Nile as a sacrifice to the god of that river in order to show the people's gratitude for that deity's benevolence.—Calgary Herald.

Life Is In the Living

Men and women are getting a great deal out of life at 21, or 30, or 60, or 80. Each age is an important and vital age while in the living—not in the prospect, except to youth. If the world—whatever it thinks or says—did not find this essentially true, it would not go on as briskly and cheerfully as it does.—Regina Leader.

This Should Not Be

At a gathering of Red Deer school boys of about the average age of 14 to 16, it was found that out of about seventeen boys hardly one heard of either of these battles (St. Julien and Zeebrugge) and the very name of Ypres had little or no significance for most of them. Yet these boys are amongst the most intelligent at our schools.—Red Deer News.

A Census Suggestion

Surely if fourteen families can be found within easy reach of Paris who have had three hundred years of continuous possession of their ancestral acres, families within easy reach of Montreal or Toronto needn't necessarily yield to "the lure of the city" by drifting into "the madding crowd." Next census might ascertain how long the family has owned and lived on the same farm. This would make a beginning along this very commendable line of honorable records.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

The Example of Major Strange

Major Strange of Alberta knew nothing about growing wheat three years ago. In the last six months he has won a wheat championship at Chicago and one at Winnipeg. Major Strange says there was nothing remarkable about it. He made full use of all the services available to provide expert information to those engaged in farming. There is a pointer here for a good many people who want to succeed at farming.—Prince Albert Herald.

More Intelligence Testing

A belief that has long been known to the girls themselves has been confirmed by high scientific authority. In a series of intelligence tests given to 37 Harvard students and 37 girl undergraduates at Radcliffe, the girls won, ranking 4.5 per cent. higher than the college men, according to figures made public by Dr. A. A. Roback, Harvard psychologist. In the tests, devised by Dr. Roback, and carried out in the Harvard psychological laboratory, the girls received an average rating of 55 per cent. and the men 50.5.—Brantford Expositor.

Manitoba's Champion Plowman

There are more than politics and murders in this passing world. We observe that Mr. Ernest Martin, of Roland, is still the champion plowman of Manitoba. Plowing is the science of sciences. Out of the plowed field springs—what? Wheat? Grain? No; out of the plowed field springs civilization. The plow is your foundation layer. It has pushed back barbarism and cannibalism and the other unpleasant oddities of the past, and enabled people to store up a bite of sustenance against famine and thin times.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Things of the Past

How many of the present generation have ever attended a husking bee, a clam-bake, a quilting bee or enjoyed the thrill of a hay-rack party? And the answer is, "Not many," because these old-time institutions are passing, or have passed; apparently unable to survive in this gasoline-soaked era of hurly-burly. It is a matter of genuine regret. They were meccas of the convivial, cementers of a type of friendship rarely encountered today, which prompts the query: Is civilization begetting selfishness? People unquestionably are keeping more to themselves. Apartment dwellers, right here in Belleville, may live for years in the same building with other families without ever knowing each other.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Difficulty of Clear Thinking

The ordinary man is so little used to weighing fully and self-consciously the elements in a complex situation that when he must try to do so he does it unhandily. It is no doubt true that he rarely fails in practice to "get something done," but that is usually because, after anxious hoverings between this consideration and the other, he is at length pushed over the edge of decisive speech or act by a sentiment, a superstition, a fancy, or a fear, or by what he heard from the last friend whom he consulted. Like the traditional donkey between his two bundles of hay, he cannot make up his mind to go for either unless his vision of the other is temporarily obscured. Even when he has made up his mind he is not at the end of his troubles. So long as there is room for repentance, there remains the difficulty of keeping his mind made up.—London Times.